The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

The Week.

Spain is naturally incensed at the articles, interviews, and letters of ex-Minister Taylor, but no international appeal lies to the sense of propriety of a private citizen. If Mr. Taylor thinks it fitting to go on speaking of what came to his knowledge through his official position, no power on earth can stop him as long as the newspapers are agape for his views. All that Mr. McKinley needs to say to Spain is that this is a free country, and that he has no more control over Mr. Hannis Taylor, now that this gentleman is out of office, than he has over the Ohio election. He might add, however, an appeal to the forbearance of Spain on the ground that she knows how it is herself. She has the spoils system in as great perfection as we have it. With a change in the Spanish Administration, the public service has to undergo upheaval just as with us. There is no permanent diplomatic service in Spain any more than in the United States. The new cabinet has to give up all its time, there as here, to office-seekers. The boss system, as Mr. Lowell found out, is as flourishing in Spain as in our own proud republic. Even Gen. Weyler's recall, over which so much fuss has been made, seems to have been more the seizure of good places for original Sagasta men than anything else. In fact, Mr. McKinley might make out a powerful argument that the two countries ought to be good friends, as both have, under different forms, the same idea of destroying continuity in the public service, and of gracefully stretching out their necks for the bosses' heels.

The severe shaking of Wall Street on Friday by unfounded rumors of war with Spain was a prelude of the shaking that all business interests would receive if those rumors should be confirmed. Wall Street is only a barometer that serves to forewarn the public of disturbances in the upper regions before they manifest themselves in tempest and tornado. We do not believe that there is any foundation for these rumors. Mr. Hannis Taylor's indiscretions may probably be explained by a personal desire not to be forgotten by the political party to which he and Senator Morgan, the leading Democratic Jingo, belong. It is not likely that the Administration would choose a shirt-sleeves statesman of the opposite party for its mouthpiece. Moreover, there has been a decline in Jingoism perceptible to the journalistic sense during the past three months. Even the *World*, valiant organ of Cuba Libre as it has been, perceives the change. The coming together of Congress, we are sorry to say, is viewed with alarm by all business interests; that is, by the orderly, industrious, God-fearing portion of the community. If a vote could be taken by this class of citizens on the question whether there should be any meeting of Congress during the coming twelvemonth, it would be decided in the negative by so large a majority that the affirmative would not be worth counting; and among the reasons for not wanting a session would be the fear lest some wanton outbreak of foreign embroilment should take place in consequence. But, says some one, no such thing can happen if the President stands firm. That is true. Congress has the power to declare war, but Congress is not likely to declare war without some aggressive act on the part of Spain. There has been no such act, and there is no likelihood of it. If there were any such act for which prompt reparation could not be obtained, then the responsibilities of war would not rest upon the conscience of the nation. The case would wear a very different aspect from that of a war in which we were the aggressors. The question, therefore, which agitates Wall Street is whether President McKinley has the firmness to prevent those steps leading up to war which lie within his own discretion. That his private inclinations are strongly for peace, and that the Jingo sentiment in the country is not so strong as it was some months ago, are facts upon which good hopes may rest.

Friends of Hawaiian annexation in Washington now report a new reason for the President's anxiety that the treaty be speedily ratified. He wants it safely out of the way before the Cuban business gets acute. That is to say, two ugly foreign complications are better than one. Hawaiian annexation, if it stood alone, is confessedly a subject requiring the closest study and the fullest debate; but if it can possibly get in the way of our going to war with Spain, why, agree to it at once and in the dark. This is a marked change, be it noted, from what was said last May to be the President's idea of the relations of the Hawaiian question to the Cuban question. Then he was going shrewdly to head off the Cuban Jingoes by drawing the Hawaiian herring across the trail. There was bound to be some kind of annexation, some kind of Jingo explosion, some occupation for the navy and naval editors; so how fine and sly it would be to divert all the bottled Jingo fury towards the Sandwich Islands, with only 100,000 aliens unfit for self-government, and so save us from taking in Cuba with her 1,500,000 unfit aliens. But it appears now to have been found out, even in Washington, that Jingo appetite grows by what it feeds on, and at present the argument is that we must hurry up and bolt Hawaii in order the sooner to set our teeth to Cuba.

We are glad to read that in the new negotiations for a treaty of arbitration between England and the United States care will be taken at Washington not to "press the subject unduly." We all know that undue pressure was what killed the other treaty. If the people had not been so eager and unanimous in expressing their desire for its ratification, the Senate might have agreed to it. As Senator Hoar explained, when churches and colleges and boards of trade and chambers of commerce and State Legislatures began petitioning the Senate to ratify, the cause was at once lost; there was nothing for a self-respecting Senate to do but refuse to ratify. This fatal error, it is gratifying to be assured, will not be repeated. The new treaty will be devised in a casual, nonchalant way, turned over to the Senate with an indifferent air, with assurances that the people are taking no interest in it whatever, and then, by not being unduly pressed, it may stand a chance of being ratified. It is certain that thereafter, at any rate, the people will take no interest in it whatever.

Cornelius N. Bliss, after several days of silent meditation, is able to remark about the Tammany victory:

> "It is simply what might be expected from a division in the ranks of the people who won the victory last year. This is all there is about it. When it became impossible to make a union of forces opposed to Tammany, defeat was inevitable. As to responsibility, every man will have to decide that for himself. We hope that before another election takes place we will be able to get these divided forces together."

Has Mr. Bliss decided for himself what his responsibility is? And if so, is his sense of it likely to prevent him, when the time for another city election arrives, from again using all his influence to delude 100,000 Republicans into an alliance with a "rotten" machine, and into the support of a hopeless candidate who is put in the field by a boss "who deliberately acts so as to make it impossible for self-respecting men to be allied with him even for a good purpose"? Is Mr. Bliss a "self-respecting man," or did he perform the "impossible" when he joined forces with Platt for the purpose of defeating Mr. Low and putting Tammany in possession of the city for four years? An entertaining rumor comes from Washington that

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President McKinley is so disgusted with the result of our election that he will not bestow any more New York patronage on Platt. He has ample cause for disgust, but he should visit his wrath mainly upon himself and Secretary Bliss. He did what he could to aid Platt by giving him the Brooklyn appointments at the very moment when the Brooklyn Republican organization was halting between Platt and Low, and he allowed Mr. Bliss to give the impression that the national Administration was on Platt's side by coming here to speak for Tracy.

The fact that there is a large anti-Tammany majority in this city now jumps into our eyes, through figures, as it has never jumped before. We have always believed and maintained that it existed, but never before has there been a movement like the Low movement to bring out the fact mathematically. Here it is mathematically:

Low	148,585	Van Wyck	228,688
Tracy	101,571		
George	19,864		
	270,020		

For a beginning of an entirely new system of nomination, and for a canvass conducted largely by inexperienced amateurs, we hold that the Low vote of 148,585 is splendid and full of hope. There is great ground for encouragement, too, in the fact that Gen. Tracy's Republican vote was lower than it has ever been for any Republican candidate in the old New York since the Wicked Gibbs ran for the mayoralty in 1884. Gibbs polled 44,000 votes in a much smaller electorate in 1884; Roosevelt polled 60,000 in 1886; Erhardt polled 73,000 in 1888; Tracy only 55,000 in 1897. This shows that an impression may be made on the Republican column by steady effort. Four years is a long time to wait, undoubtedly, for another attack on Tammany, but in those four years Tammany will be furnishing us with plenty of ammunition, and Republicans will be seeing and thinking, and the Citizens' Union will be learning how to fight.

The great hindrance to all continuous and persistent reform agitations in America hitherto, except the anti-slavery agitation, has been the national tendency to sit down quietly under accomplished facts, to accept defeat with a laugh, say it "will all come out right in the end," and turn attention to something else. The readiness of the press, after opposing a candidate tooth and nail for good reason, to congratulate him on his victory, and promise to support him if he is good, is a comic illustration of the same thing. There is a little trace of it in Mr. Low's pledging to "the new Mayor and his associates the coöperation of all my supporters in any effort they may make to administer the government of the city in the interest of the people." All talk like this, however courteous it may seem, takes the heart out of a steady and continuous criticism and opposition. If there be the smallest probability that Mr. Van Wyck and his associates will do anything of the kind, two-thirds of our talk about Tammany in the late canvass was pure campaign "guff." We fought and have lost on the theory that there was no such probability; that Van Wyck's associates would be the old gang as we know them, and that "the administration of the government of the city in the interest of the people" would be the last thing they would think of. Croker and Van Wyck have both discarded any such idea, in their talk with the reporters since the election. Our duty to the new government is not to "coöperate," because we do not know in what we should have to coöperate, but to watch, and criticise, and expose, and defend the people whom Tammany may annoy or persecute, and see that its majorities do not affect the imagination of the courts; above all, keep alive the opposition, if not in the character of patriots, in that of civilized men who refuse to live quietly under the rule of barbarians and thieves.

When Mr. Croker, speaking in that authoritative voice which he always uses in his deliverances as the King of New York, says that "*we* have plain, practical men in Tammany Hall; the men that *we* need at the head of the departments will be found in Tammany Hall without drawing upon the Citizens' Union," who are the men that he has in mind? There has been no time since Tweed's day when the number of really respectable Democrats in Tammany Hall was so small as it is to-day. How many such were among the Tammany orators in the late campaign, or even appeared on the Tammany platform at its meetings? The leading orators were Tom Grady, Birdie Gardiner, and Sulzer. Not a Democrat of first-rate character and ability appeared as Tammany's champion anywhere. This being the case, who are the "plain, practical men" with whom Mayor Van Wyck is to fill the forty great positions which will be at his disposal on January 1, and the thirty or more minor ones? There is nobody in Tammany except the old gang—Gilroy, the Martins, Grady, Scannell, Koch, and the rest. They are all there, and they are all determined to have places. If Van Wyck were a man of great strength of character and of high purpose, he would be incapable of successful resistance to the "pressure" of his associates. Even if he wished to put fit men in the forty chief offices, where is he going to find them among his followers? Croker says he will not be allowed to go outside for material, and if he is not the real Mayor, he speaks as if he considered himself so.

Full returns of the Iowa election show again that courage pays in politics. Mr. Shaw, the Republican candidate for Governor, got his nomination against the opposition of the party machine, and then made his campaign as the open and avowed champion of the gold standard. The opposition succeeded in combining the Bryan Democracy, Silver Republicans, and Populists pretty successfully on one ticket, and induced many Gold Democrats to support this ticket by the claim that the contest was purely a State one. Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw polled a vote far larger that was ever secured by a State ticket, and his plurality over the fusion ticket is fully 30,000, or larger than the record for the Republican candidate over the combined Democratic and Populist vote since the silver issue came up. The contrast between Iowa and Pennsylvania, where the Quay ticket was left in a minority this year, tells a story which even the dullest politician cannot fail to comprehend.

The lower branch of the Georgia Legislature voted last week in favor of making the birthday of Jefferson Davis a legal holiday in that State. But any fearful soul at the North who may fancy that such a vote signifies devotion to "the lost cause" ought to be reassured when he learns that during the same week the Board of Supervisors of Warren County, Miss., which includes Vicksburg, the chief city of Jefferson Davis's own State, adopted unanimously resolutions declaring it "the deliberate opinion of this board that the entire subject of quarantine against yellow fever and other infectious diseases of foreign origin ought to be under the paramount control of the United States; the experience of the present system and spread of yellow fever this year furnishing conclusive evidence that the several independent Boards of Health of the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico cannot be safely relied upon to prevent the introduction and spread of infectious and contagious diseases." When this official expression of preference for federal control of quarantine is endorsed by so representative a Mississippi newspaper as the Vicksburg *Herald*, which says that it "strikes a keynote that is commended to every county and municipality in the lower valley," the most timorous can dismiss all apprehension as to a revival of "the State-rights heresy."

Mr. Edward Atkinson has published a small pamphlet to prove a thesis which he has heretofore maintained in reference to the silver question, namely, that some of the largest mines in the world are now worked in such a way that the silver produced by them is merely a by-product—the other ores yielding enough profit to make it worth while to work

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them, even if no silver at all were produced. Among these are the Broken Hill Proprietary of New South Wales and the Anaconda of the United States. When Mr. Atkinson first advanced this statement it was questioned by a writer in the *Financial News* of London, who insisted that the cost of operation ought to be charged to all the metals produced, and that if this rule were followed, it would be found that the cost of silver to the Broken Hill Company for the year 1896 was 22½d., or 45 cents, per ounce. Mr. Atkinson now proves that the cost of all silver produced by this company from 1891 to 1896, according to the customary method of crediting the bye-products to the cost of the principal product, namely, silver, has been less than 25 cents, or 12½ pence, per ounce. Also, that the copper production of the Anaconda mine in Montana, in the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1897, yielded a profit over and above all charges of every name and nature, without regard to the silver production. Also, that in that year of low prices the sale of the largest silver product ever made at that mine in one year—namely, 6,057,067 ounces fine—yielded $3,881,551.75 in gold; the whole of this sum received for silver bullion being in addition to the profits upon copper. As the Anaconda property has been sold to an English syndicate, it follows that the largest share of the silver production of the world, something more than one-half, is now centred in London, that the silver so produced is a clean profit to the owners, the cost of operation being nearly all borne by other products of the same mines, and that the principal seat of bimetallism as a money-making venture is in London, and not in Colorado or in any other part of the United States.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been addressing his constituents on various topics, and naturally enough touched on the recent bimetallic flurry in the Bank of England. He said, among many other things:

"The letter of the Governor of the Bank of England caused great excitement in the City of London. There is a reasonable, aye, and to my mind a very proper and wise, feeling in the City of London, in favor of the maintenance to as great an extent as possible of the gold reserve in the Bank of England. I do not think there can be a question, I think even I might put it now to my bimetallist friends who may happen to be present, that if we have a gold standard we must have an adequate stock of gold; and, that being so, I am quite sure that neither the Government of this country nor the Bank of England ought for a moment to consent to anything that would prejudicially affect the amount of our stock of gold in this country, either in reserve or in circulation among the people."

Now this shows two things. One is, that the talk of bimetallic philosophers, though Sir Michael treats it respectfully—too respectfully, we think—produced no effect until the Governor of the Bank of England wrote a letter; secondly, that the minute he wrote the letter, it "caused great excitement in the City of London." In other words, the minute it appeared that these silly speculators meant business, the business world rose in arms. He might have added that the minute the business world rose in arms, the Cabinet squelched the bimetallists, inside and outside, and all said "gold." Now this once more confirms what we have been saying for the last two years to the American bimetallists who have been running over to England to get comfort from Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Moreton Frewen, and Mr. Gibbs, and so forth, and then hurrying home to tell their bimetallic brethren here that England was on the edge of bimetallism: "When you arrive in England, do not go to the Treasury in Downing Street to see Mr. Balfour, or to the library of any bimetallic philosopher. Take your gripsack and go straight to the City."

A letter which John Bright wrote in 1884 about imperial federation has lately been given to the press. In it he spoke of the project of bringing colonial members into Parliament as "absurd," and went on:

"These ideas of 'federation' between England and her colonies are equally visionary and valueless. What is intended by 'federation' I do not know. But surely trade is meant, and surely free trade—not a Canadian or a Victorian tariff. We now give the colonies everything; we buy almost all they have to sell, and levy no duty on their exports—none for protection. What can we do more? If they want a nearer alliance with us, they can give up their tariffs; we can give them nothing more. Our people are all friends of the colonies, but common sense in dealing with our brethren in distant regions is worth far more than the feeble sentiment which some dreamers seem anxious to encourage."

For a Little Englander, this was a remarkable forecast of all that has really happened. Canada has simply given up her tariff, as against England, and the Jubilee-makers could not contain themselves for joy. But a little of John Bright's common sense would have shown them that a trade arrangement for common profit was all there was in it.

The Powers have at last pulled themselves together and named a Governor of Crete. He is a Col. Schaefer of the Duchy of Luxemburg. Coming from a small and neutral state, he is expected to arouse no jealousies among the Powers; and the only question is how the Sultan will take his nomination. His appointment is, in fact, announced as only "provisional," but the Powers think that it ought not to be a "difficult task" to induce the Sultan to consent to it. If he does not, there are their Admirals still on the spot, there will be "energetic action," and so on. He that sitteth in the Yildiz Kiosk shall laugh at all this. He will believe in energetic action when he sees it, and will snap his fingers at all the Admirals in the world until they begin to turn their guns his way. Thus far the Admirals have done nothing but bombard Christians and help the English Liberals carry parliamentary elections. Another Conservative seat was lost in a bye-election on Thursday.

The continuous turmoil and rioting in the Austrian Parliament has, no doubt, causes in the sharp racial divisions which have long made the problem of Austrian government so difficult; but the inability of the presiding officer to keep order betrays a defect in the rules and parliamentary practice which Austria seems to share with France. The President of the Reichsrath, as of the French Chamber, appears to have no resource except to ring his bell, or say, "Sh!" or, as a last resort, to dissolve the sitting. No representative body in England or America is so left at the mercy of unscrupulous brawlers. A sergeant-at-arms, or some equivalent functionary, is at hand to suppress or remove them. Vienna, so long reputed the politest court in Europe, may have thought itself beyond the need of such protection against disgraceful riot in its Parliament; but the fierce struggle of races has evidently broken through the ordinary restraints of decency. A writer in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, commenting upon the extraordinary diversity and the extraordinary jealousy of the different nationalities in the empire, says that if local factions could have their way, we should soon be reading of the Austro-Hungario-Bohemian monarchy, or even, we may add, of the Austro-Hungario-Bohemio-Croatian monarchy.

Protection in Germany is like protection everywhere else. "Der Bund der Industriellen" (The League of Industrial Workers) met in Berlin on October 3 and 4. One of the most prominent matters under discussion was the importation of American bicycles, which has grown from $1,898,012 in 1896 to $7,000,323 in 1897. The German bicycles are clumsy and heavy wheels, which even the German cyclists, loyal as they are to German industries, will evidently not buy. The natural inference that most people would draw from this marked preference for the American article is that it is better than the German at the same price, and that the German makers should change the designs and improve the workmanship of their wheels. But instead of reading this lesson to the manufacturers, the League calls on the Government to raise the duty on American wheels because it is lower than that which the United States and some other countries impose. Certainly a high import duty laid by a large exporting community like the American is an anomaly; but it is not confined to the bicycle trade nor to Germany.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST BOSSISM.

The most striking feature of the recent elections, as their results become clearer with fuller returns, is seen to be the tremendous revolt against bossism wherever it was in issue. Among the few States where contests took place were four which had each its boss well known to the country at large, and every one of these four bosses encountered a revolt so strong as to show that public sentiment was the same, North and South, East and West.

Platt controlled the Republican party in a State which gave the Republican candidate for President 268,469 plurality over Bryan last year, and chose an Assembly with 114 Republicans out of 150 members. This year the Republican candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, whom he named through his State committee, is beaten by about 70,000 plurality, and the opposition secures more than half of the next Assembly, while his personal nominee for Mayor of the Greater New York gets only two-thirds as many votes as the candidate of the Citizens' Union. Instead of having a majority of seventy-eight members in the Assembly, as was the case last winter, Mr. Platt will be short of any majority whatever this winter. What is especially bad for him is the fact that the balance of power in the new Assembly will be held by a handful of members who have been elected because they were avowed opponents of his system of government. These members believe that the government belongs to the people rather than to Platt, and they have had the impudence to hold a conference and pledge themselves to act upon that belief. Of course, men suffering under a hallucination like this will not consent to go to Platt every Sunday for orders; and the consequence will be that his system of government will have to be abandoned.

Just how many of these members will be found acting for the people when the Legislature meets, cannot be predicted now; but that there will be enough of them to prevent Platt from organizing the Assembly unless he makes an open alliance with Tammany members, there appears to be no doubt whatever. Several of them, notably Messrs. Laimbeer and Weekes of this city, are men of such force of character and of such high purpose that any attempt to swerve them from the course they have entered upon will be futile. They are not unlikely to have allies from other parts of the State than Brooklyn, for dissatisfaction with the results of Platt's leadership is very prevalent and strong above the Bronx as well as below it. And it would be surprising if this were not the case. The party has lost everything in the election. It has lost control of the Legislature this year, and has thrown away irrevocably all hope of electing a Governor next year or a United States Senator in 1899, or of carrying the State for a Republican Presidential candidate in 1900. There is not a Republican politician in the State who believes for a moment that there is any chance that his party, during the next four years, will be able to poll above the Bronx a Republican majority which will be large enough to overcome the Democratic majority of Greater New York.

In Ohio, Hanna was the absolute dictator of the Republican organization, and sought the endorsement of the people as a candidate for the United States Senate. The last Legislature contained 110 Republicans and 28 Democrats on joint ballot. The best that is now claimed is a majority of five for the Republicans on joint ballot, three of which come from counties where changes of from 15 to 45 votes would have elected the Democratic candidates and given that party an unquestioned majority of the Legislature. Except for the feeling that Hanna represented an endorsement of the McKinley Administration which McKinley's own State could not afford to refuse only eight months after his inauguration, he would evidently have been beaten. Even as it is, his success is not assured, as more than one Republican member-elect is personally opposed to the boss.

Gorman has been the commander of the Democratic organization in Maryland for twenty years. During the latter part of this period his rule has been despotic. Eight years ago he signalized his power in the way that most delights a boss, by having a subservient Legislature give the other United States senatorship to a man who was simply his "Me Too." Two years ago this tool was repudiated, a Democratic State preferring a Republican in his stead. This year the same Democratic State again elects a Republican Legislature to fill the senatorship which Gorman has held, as the only way of getting rid of the boss himself.

Quay controls the Republican organization in Pennsylvania so openly that, when the last Legislature was in session, the Republican majority made no secret of the fact that it did nothing without orders from the boss. He named his men for the State ticket without the slightest difficulty, and President McKinley improved the opportunity to show that the national Administration favored him by naming a disreputable henchman of his as consul during the campaign, against the earnest protest of leading business men of Philadelphia, who furnished evidence of his gross corruption as a legislator. But the returns show that the Quay candidate for State Treasurer fell considerably short of a majority at the polls, the Democratic vote combined with that cast for an Independent Republican and a Prohibitionist who appealed even more strongly to the independent element, aggregating 377,203, against 371,053 for Quay's man. The plain-spoken clergyman who ran as a nominal Prohibitionist, but really as an anti-machine candidate, though without any effective organization or campaign fund, polled 117,430 votes, or nearly a third as many as Quay's man. In its way the blow dealt bossism in Pennsylvania was as stinging as in either of the other States.

Never before has bossism presented itself so offensively as this year. In the past there has been more or less pretence of reserve. This year the bosses threw off all disguise. They declared that bossism is the ideal perfection of government in a democracy. Hanna summed up their creed in these orders to his subjects a few days before the election:

> "Every Republican should remember his duty. It doesn't make any difference about persons, or if the candidate don't suit you exactly. The Republican organization must have the same discipline as we had in the regular army, when the boys in blue marched with their gallant leaders. As Chairman of the Republican national committee, I have the right to command, and you must stand by me in the dual position I now occupy. It doesn't matter whether you like my personality or not. I have no patience with the man who bolts his party because he is not satisfied with the candidate. If you expect business men to take part in politics and come among you, it is your duty to submit to the discipline of the party."

It is well for the country that bossism has thus been carried to its logical conclusion. The great thing is to have the Quays and Hannas and Gormans and Platts come out into the open, where the people can get at them. The late elections show that the strongest boss cannot long survive the firing which he thus invites.

THE TARIFF AND THE CITY.

When we come to hunt up the remoter causes of the difficulty of setting up decent government in this city, the first obstacle that confronts us is the fanatical devotion of a considerable body of Republicans to their own party—a devotion which in its outward manifestations more nearly resembles the devotion of religious men to a church, two hundred years ago, than anything else in modern times. That is to say, it can hardly be shaken by argument or by any exhibition of consequences. We know of no political or economical considerations which would have any effect on it; and as to its influence on the city, Republicans say simply, as the martyrs said about Christianity, "Perish the city provided the Republican party be saved." In fact, support of the Republican party seems to be an awful duty, the "stern daughter of the voice of God," to be discharged though the sky should fall.

Now, what is the explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon? Well, it is far simpler than it seems. The term "Republican party" does not really mean a party in the ordinary sense of the term, with a body of political doctrine

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of its own and a set of distinctly defined aims. As a party it does not differ much, if at all, from the Democratic party, barring the recent adhesion of the Democratic party to silver. To all outward appearance, the Republican attitude towards all questions except the tariff—its view of public office, of foreign policy, and of taxation—appears to be substantially that held by the Democrats. The tariff apart, there is no difficulty for an honest man in passing from one party to the other. He might any day doubt to which party he belonged, as far as opinions are concerned. Even as regards silver, enough Democrats to enable it to elect its President had no difficulty in acting with the Republican party last year.

We are thus driven by a process of pure reasoning to the conclusion that the proper name of the Republican party, the distinctive aim which would best describe it, is the Tariff party. Its distinguishing trait is devotion to the tariff. This is the one thing which differentiates a respectable, intelligent Republican from a respectable and intelligent man of any other sect or creed. It is by this trait we know him, just as an early Christian was known by his refusal to sacrifice to the gods. It was by requiring him to burn incense to Jupiter or Apollo that the cruel Romans found him out. In like manner a Republican would be found out by requiring him to curse the tariff, or say it was a bad thing for the country. He would sacrifice himself, his aged mother, or loving wife, or innocent children, or the city of his birth, sooner than do this. The Republican party is the party which has the tariff in charge. To weaken it for any purpose is to put the tariff in peril. To join forces with the Democrats or Mugwumps for any purpose, is to weaken it; therefore "voting straight" becomes the most solemn and sacred of all political duties.

We shall not consider this so very extraordinary as it seems at first sight if we remember that we have now been living under a high tariff for thirty years; that during that period an enormous amount, practically an incalculable amount, of money has been invested under it in every species of manufacture; that a generation has grown up under it who either owed, or believed they owed, their subsistence or their comfort to it. It has naturally become linked in their imagination with everything good and "American" in the world. The mental process by which this takes place is one of the most familiar in the history of the human mind. All old institutions—the old British Constitution, the old French monarchy, the old Catholic Church, the Inquisition even—got support in this way from large bodies of persons who had been born and prospered under them. If the tariff had failed to induce large bodies of persons in this country to look on it as the source of their own comfort and success in life and of American prosperity, it could not have lasted very long. As a matter of fact, it has become identified in the eyes of such persons with property and order. To attack it is, as Sheil said of the enemies of Catholicism, to "furnish help to those miserable men who are the enemies of human hope, the apostles of desolation and despair." Its safety becomes a concern so weighty as to make all other interests seem trifling. It seems silly to talk about city government, Tammany, plunder, or dirt, with men who you know cherish, in their secret hearts, dark designs against the wool and cotton duties, and the duties on knitted goods and other textiles, and who would, if they could, take the duty off steel. It seems like discussing alterations in church ritual with a shameless infidel.

It sounds fantastical, we know, and yet it is our solemn conviction, that the march of political progress has for thirty years at least been arrested in America by this tariff fanaticism; by the erection among us of something sacrosanct which we cannot alter or dispense with, and the safety of which must not be endangered by any other change whatever. It is in reality the substitution for theocracy of a form of government closely resembling it. The tariff is, in the eyes of the Platt Republicans in New York, somewhat in the position of the Koran in the eyes of good Mussulmans at Constantinople. No matter what beneficial change you propose in the government of the latter city, two objections to it at once arise. The first is that it comes from a Giaour (Mugwump or Democrat); the second is that, there being no mention of it in the Sacred Law, it would probably endanger the true faith if adopted. Better dirt and poverty, ruined bridges, venal courts, and a declining state, than that the Prophet's idea of a political community should be departed from. Many of our people would sooner see everything that used to constitute American greatness and glory depart from us, than even endanger the chance of levying 60 per cent. on all the instruments and results of civilization. In their sad and softened fancy they would be reconciled to seeing the republic perish if in its last moments the appraisers and gaugers and inspectors were still busy on the wharves, and the giddy travellers from foreign ports were still mulcted on their silks and their gewgaws. It is an odd political ideal, belonging rather to the fifteenth century than to ours; but God is great and Mohammed is his prophet.

SECRETARY GAGE'S PLAN.

The plan of currency reform presented by Secretary Gage for the consideration of the cabinet begins with a strong argument for retiring the demand liabilities of the Government. The first of these to be redeemed and cancelled are the greenbacks and the Treasury notes of 1890, amounting to $460,000,000. That these are a menace to the Government's credit and to general prosperity the Secretary shows in an unanswerable way. He estimates the losses suffered by business interests in consequence of the doubt thrown on the Government's intention and ability to keep the currency at par with gold during the past four years at a greater sum than the outstanding paper, including the silver certificates, viz., $900,000,000. We think that this is an underestimate, but all persons of sense will agree that the losses have been enormous. The purchase of silver alone has been a direct and dead loss to the Government of $460,000,000—*i. e.*, more than one-half of the total loss estimated by Mr. Gage to have been incurred since 1893. It may be contended that the condition is now fairly satisfactory, as gold is flowing towards the Treasury, not away from it. Mr. Gage gives a more ready assent to this proposition than we should be inclined to do, but he shows that present conditions cannot be expected to last for ever. Circumstances will not always be in our favor. A change for the worse may come at any time. It is the statesman's duty to foresee such changes and to provide against them.

Mr. Gage's plan for meeting future adverse conditions is evidently based upon the idea that Congress cannot be prevailed upon now to take radical action, but may be induced to take steps that shall minimize the evils of which we have had recent experience. So, while endorsing the proposition advanced by so many of his predecessors in office, that the demand notes of the Government ought to be paid and cancelled, his specific propositions come somewhat short of this. In other words, his remedy does not correspond to his diagnosis. Perhaps if his plan had been prepared in the light of the recent elections he might have adhered more closely to first principles. These elections teach, in our opinion, one lesson, viz., that the Republican party may be beaten in 1898 and 1900 even if it reforms the currency meanwhile, but that it will surely be beaten if it does not. Therefore, we may indulge the hope that Secretary Gage will even yet adopt the more radical measure which his cabinet paper shows that he favors, and which his utterances as a private citizen have aforetime more explicitly promised.

Turning now to the specific plan, we remark that he recommends that the business of supplying a currency to the country be separated from the ordinary business of the Treasury by the creation of a department or division of issue and redemption. To this division he would transfer $125,000,000 of gold and $200,000,000 of greenbacks, the latter to be

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issued only in exchange for gold. This will be not exactly equivalent for redemption purposes to $325,000,000 of gold, but it will be an immense gain over the present condition of things. The sum of $325,000,000 gold would exercise a more powerful influence on the imagination of the public than the same sum composed partly of gold and partly of greenbacks, but the withdrawal of $200,000,000 of the latter from the channels of circulation would diminish by so much the demand upon the Treasury for gold, and would have nearly the same effect as though the whole mass were gold.

How are these greenbacks to be obtained? By refunding the national bonded debt in a new gold bond bearing 2½ per cent. interest, and allowing the national banks to deposit greenbacks instead of bonds, to the amount of $200,000,000, in the Treasury to secure their circulation, these greenbacks to be subsequently converted into the new bonds and held for account of the banks. This seems like a roundabout way of selling the new bonds to the banks for greenbacks to the amount named and allowing them to issue circulation against them at par. We think that the simpler way would be preferable, because more easily understood, and hence more likely to be acceptable to Congress. The kernel of this refunding plan, however, is the proposal to insert the word gold where we now use the word coin. This change would enable the Government to save about $15,000,000 per annum in the way of interest, but it is so opposed to the congressional way of looking at things that we doubt if it could be carried into the forms of law. The average Congressman wants to pay $15,000,000 extra to the bondholders in exchange for the privilege of saying coin instead of gold, when in practice the two words mean the same thing.

Secretary Gage proposes no radical change in the banking system except that he would authorize the national banks which have deposited bonds or Government notes to the amount of 50 per cent. of their capital, to issue notes to that amount and 25 per cent. more, the latter to be issued against their general assets, the Government to be responsible for the notes and to have a first lien on the assets for its own security. To this he would add a tax of 2 per cent. per annum on the unsecured circulation, to be kept as a safety fund for all of such outstanding unsecured circulation. This has some features in common with the so-called Baltimore plan. It bears a closer resemblance to Secretary Carlisle's plan, in which deposited security was required to the amount of $30 instead of $50, against $75 of notes. The Baltimore plan requires no deposited security, but a 5 per cent. safety fund. We shall consider this part of Secretary Gage's plan at greater length hereafter. Meanwhile we express our preference for the more radical measure of taking the Government out of the currency-issuing business altogether by the retirement of all of its legal-tender paper, believing as we do that business can never be on a sound bottom so long as the question of redeeming our paper in gold is essentially a political one, depending on the chance of a majority of voters being in favor of such redemption.

THE LOST ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

"Nobody writes letters," sneered Cecil Rhodes before the parliamentary commission. He meant, of course, no public man—especially no Imperial statesman like himself, at one moment dictating the fate of the Matabele to his typewriter, the next ordering a raid on a friendly state in stock-broker's cipher. But what he asserted of his ilk, others declare mournfully to be the case with all the world. Even professional writers no longer write letters. An edition of eighteenth-century letter-writers is announced as a reprint in a kind of literature that is now a lost art in English. Even from the land of Madame de Sévigné comes the plaint that the epistolary style is no more practised. In fact, so universal is the conviction that the art of letter-writing has gone out that no one stops to question the fact; all the dispute is over the explanations of the fact.

These are various. Cheap postage has wrought the ruin, say some. When you knew that your correspondent would have to pay a shilling or eighteen pence for your letter, you were in duty bound to give him at least his money's worth. Now the writer pays the charges himself, has to expend but two cents, and thinks any curt stupidity will do. This doctrine of the cheap postage making the cheap letter will not, we fear, satisfy the truly ingenuous inquirer. He will point out the fact that if, in the eighteenth century, postage was at a high rate, the frank was common, and that some of the most delightful letters in the language were written under frank. Costing nothing did not make them worth nothing. On the other hand, if wits have not cheapened as postage has, why should we not jump at the opportunity to shower lively letters on all our friends when it can be done at so little cost? It really looks as if the trouble were to be located in the skull rather than in the pocket.

Well, but there are our demoralizing and dissipating mental habits. We live in such a whirl that we have no time to write. And oh yes, there is the diffusion of popular knowledge, the daily and periodical press—really, you know, with so much thought at everybody's disposal, it would be very like an impertinence for a man to sit down to compose an instructive or amusing letter. The fact is the telegraph has killed letters. "I telegraph, therefore I am," has, as a witty French writer says, taken the place of the Cartesian "Cogito, ergo sum." If we have not a telegraph blank or a code handy, we instinctively make our letters as short and cryptographic as possible. But even this explanation does not pierce to the centre. Here are but ways of thought-saving in the business of life; why should they leave us with less thought to bestow on the æsthetics of life? Does a copy of a weekly paper, even of our own, so fill the soul's thirst for literary joys that a witty letter from a brilliant friend would seem a great falling off by comparison? To a candid judgment the common literature of the day leaves plenty of room for the uncommon literature of good letters, instead of putting a fatal extinguisher on them. If we perforce telegraph more than our ancestors, it does not follow that we should less enjoy a letter full of wise amenity and flashing insight—if we could only get some one to write it to us.

As for the growing tendency of literary men to make their letters mere business scratches or formal notes of thanks, the reason for this is more evident. Literature is now more of a business, the one thing a man does, if he does it well; and, as Mérimée says, a man must be rather stupid who does only one thing. "How can I write letters," cried Victor Hugo, "when I have proofs to correct, and calls to receive, and big books to write, and business affairs to look after?" Then there is a subtler force at work. Why waste on a friend what would easily make salable "copy"? Dr. Holmes jokingly remarked on the improbability of an author's squandering in conversation or in a letter what he could get $50 for from a publisher; and he himself certainly did little such squandering in his letters. Apart from this, there is a feeling that a writer who has put his best into his books can have little but remnants to offer in private. "A letter!" exclaimed Gautier, when a friend urged him to correspond; "would you ask a carpenter to send you some shavings?"

A hint here in passing. Literary repute may in the long run depend more upon a man's letters than upon his books. M. René Doumic has lately said that Mérimée's volumes of letters are really carrying better than his other works. Mrs. Carlyle published nothing, but look at her letters. Edward FitzGerald persisted in the pride of printing no books except privately, but he went on writing letters to all the best of his time, which are among the raciest ever penned. The rule is not invariable: Tennyson appears to have been an inferior letter-writer; Matthew Arnold was dull enough in his letters. But it

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may well be that many an author filled of the immortal dead would be given a much more prominent part in that posthumous chorus if he would suppress his books and wreak himself on letters. Letters lend themselves so much more easily to preserving—or to burning!

All this brings us to what might have been said earlier, that explanations why letter-writing is a lost art are unsatisfactory, because letter-writing is *not* a lost art. Some of the names already cited show that it at least did not go out with the eighteenth century—with shilling postage and the monthly *News-Letter*. Mrs. Browning's letters, only now published, bring the succession near our own day, and Motley's, and Lowell's profuse flinging about of his mental largess, nearer still. Who can doubt that when Gladstone's biography comes to be published, we shall see a noble series of letters spanning almost the entire century? The long and tiresome letter, its back broken with the weight of humdrum it attempts to carry, may have gone, and a good riddance it is. But the letter, as yet the choicest vehicle (conversation being impossible) for the conveying of undress thought between equal minds; the letter, as the safe receptacle for the incisive comment and the witty fling that cannot be spoken or printed; the letter, in which friend strikes out the spark from friend as iron sharpeneth iron, in which confidences are shared, judgments exchanged, the form and impress of the age given record—that this is an art no longer cultivated by the discerning, we, for our part, flatly refuse to believe.

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE OF ASIA MINOR?

AMHERST, Mass., October, 1897.

However much it may deserve such honor, Asia Minor has not yet been invaded by the tourist, for, in fact, the country is little known to the world at large. We of the West labor under the belief that Moslem fanaticism makes travel in that country dangerous to the life or limb of the venturesome traveller. Ever since the time of the Crusaders, the impression has been traditional that the Moslem in general and the Turk in particular are professional cutthroats, who ask for no higher enjoyment than the opportunity to carve up a Christian dog of a giaour every day. The assertion, therefore, that the Turk, and certainly the peasant Turk, is preëminently a man of peace, is not likely to find favor in any quarter just at this juncture, since for some years past the world has been horrified by the accounts of awful deeds of murder and rapine committed by the Turks upon the Armenians. Recent events in Thessaly have not served to efface this impression. And yet, for all that, it is a fact that the Turkish peasant is peace-loving and averse to bloodshed. He is merciful to a fault, and his false mercy makes him incapable of putting a suffering animal of any kind out of its misery. Storks cannot abide the Greeks, but they are found quietly nesting on every house in a Turkish village. [illegible] in other countries are so careful to [illegible] contact with man, build their nests under the eaves of Turkish houses. An experience among the Turks that extended over several years has given me no cause for entertaining an unkindly opinion of them. But still every one who has had to deal for any length of time with the people who call themselves Osmanli (for the word Turk is unknown to them except as a term applied to a stupid fool) notices that they betray a twofold character, in which fierceness, cruelty, and official corruptness intermingle strangely with gentleness, kindness, and goodness. Few attempt to explain the phenomenon.

The inhabitants of Asia Minor do not represent a homogeneous population, nor even an aggregation of peoples of kindred stock. On the contrary, that unfortunate country is peopled by a number of tribes which are without racial, and originally without linguistic, affinity. This is a fact that was noted long ago by Strabo, though the Roman sway and the spread of Christianity both tended to obliterate those racial differences which originally prevented intercourse and intermarriage between neighboring village communities. But not only was this process of the obliteration of racial distinctions stopped with the advent of the Turks in 1070, but the distinctions were emphasized, and new tribes have come in to add to the racial chaos.

A rapid survey of these new tribes will show that they consist of Turks, Turcomans, Avshars, Yuruks, Circassians, Kurds, not to speak of the old Greeks and Armenians, nor of the Tatars, Noghai, Ansarieh, Yezidi, and Jacobites, which, with the exception of the Tatars, are found only along the southeastern fringe of Asia Minor and in Syria and Mesopotamia. The Osmanli Turks themselves exhibit a variety of types, though for our purposes they may be divided into two classes: the dwellers in cities and the dwellers in villages, the former class representing the official and governing class. The Turcomans are of kindred stock with the Ottoman Turks, but differ from them in this that they are still wholly nomadic; the Osmanli have long since become residents in fixed abodes, but for all that even the urban populations have not wholly abandoned nomadic habits. The spirit of the thing still lives, for not only do the villagers abandon their villages for the Yaïla during the heated season, but even the great officials of Stambul are in a mild way true to the nomadic instincts of the conquering shepherds. During the summer the traveller will see the harems of the wealthy city gentlemen encamped in tents along the entire line of the railway from Constantinople to Nicomedia. The Turcomans also fall into two classes: the orthodox and the heterodox Turcomans. The latter, called Kizil-Bash (Red Heads), are heartily detested by the Ottoman Turks. Like most nomads, the Turcomans are very hospitable, and rarely accept money for their rude but kindly hospitality. The Avshars came originally from Persia; they, too, are nomadic, though they are beginning to adopt the settled habit. They are found chiefly in the mountainous regions of the Antitaurus, where I came into constant contact with them. They are sturdy, courageous, and hospitable. The Yuruks, also nomads, dwell chiefly in mountainous regions, and by some are regarded as Mongolians, while others think them a race akin to the Gypsies. They are said to have no religion whatever, and to practise incestuous marriage; but I am not competent to speak either of their religion or of their racial affinities. They are inoffensive, but are universally despised.

The Circassians are Moslem refugees from Russia; they are now found all over the peninsula, and even in Syria and Mesopotamia. They are feared and detested by all alike as thieves and cutthroats. I came into frequent and intimate contact with them, even in the wildest districts of the Antitaurus, but I was everywhere received with welcome and a lavish hospitality. My Asiatic friends told me that my immunity was due to the fact that my chief servant was a Circassian, fierce-looking enough, but in reality the mildest of men. But however that may be, and as an offset to the universal hatred felt for the Circassians, I have no evil to speak of them; certainly it was refreshing to accept the royal hospitality of a Circassian village, with its cleanliness, thrift, and providence, after the filth, lice, and other vermin of the Turkish villages. Like the Circassians, the Kurds are our own brothers, racially speaking; their language is a dialect of the Persian. Outside of Kurdistan and Armenia they are nomads, and are found in numbers in Catalonia, northern Cappadocia, and Galatia. They are a murderous set of filthy villains, who, with the exception of the nomads (in whose tents I have been entertained handsomely), have not even the primitive virtue of hospitality. History has nothing good to relate of them from the time when the Ten Thousand forced a passage through their country, down to the time when they became the butchers of the Armenians. The only time in all my travels in Asia when for a half-hour I thought that Atropos was about to use her shears, was in a Kurdish village in Catalonia, not far from the Euphrates.

These, then, are the new elements brought in by the Turkish conquest to complicate the racial problem. None of them practise intercourse or intermarriage, and all of them except the Circassians are nomadic. For years the central government has been trying to abolish nomadic life in Asia Minor, and from time to time an order is sent out to the provisional governors to confiscate the costly and serviceable black hair tents of the nomads. But little is accomplished thereby except untold misery among the poor nomads, who, in spite of the loss of their tents, simply will not settle down into fixed villages, but live beneath wretched bowers of brush and leaves until with time their women have woven new tents. Recent events have made it unnecessary to speak of the Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor. I may say, though, that Greek and Armenian merchants, especially men of the latter nationality, are found throughout the peninsula, while in Cappadocia and Pontus Greek-*speaking* communities are common.

The inhabitants of Asia Minor have never at any period been a homogeneous population; they have never been an independent, sovereign people. From the dawn of history they have been subject to foreign rule, if we may except such kingdoms as those of Midas, Gordius, Crœsus, etc., foreign dynasties which themselves soon succumbed to more forceful foreign dynasties. At the opening of history the Asiatics were a wealthy people; in fact, commerce was invented by them, and to a late date the "Lydian mar-

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kets" were well known. Indeed, it may not be controverted that, although the people of Asia Minor were never independent, and, therefore, presumably, never capable of self-government, yet they were ever prosperous and rich whenever they were living under a strong, paternal government that, even in a half-hearted way, secured the individual in the peaceful enjoyment of his earnings. Even in Roman times their wealth was proverbial, and a Roman proconsul or proprætor wished for no greater stroke of luck than to be appointed to a post in Asia Minor for a season. The pickings were fine, and the post was as good as the ownership of a mint. But under the ignorant and rapacious government of the conquering shepherds, who were quick enough to seize the pickings, but incapable of improving or exploiting their conquered property, the people of Asia Minor have become familiar with a depth of poverty unknown before in the history of that still fertile land.

And herein lies the kernel of my contention, which is that the Moslem peasantry in the villages of Asia Minor are not Turks at all, but simply the lineal descendants of the old aboriginal inhabitants, with their traditional exclusiveness, that was originally based on racial differences; with their traditional and inherited inability to assert their independence and govern themselves, being driven, now as ever, by interloping taskmasters. Throughout all history their very long-suffering gentleness, stolidity, and honesty have made them a peculiarly facile prey to robber officials, and this character they maintain to the present day. There is no more fruitful field for the ethnologist than Asia Minor, and ethnology has much to tell us about the problems which that curious complex of nationalities propounds to us; but still there is much evidence to prove that, as the years have rolled on, the aboriginal people of Asia Minor have repeatedly changed their language and their religion. Whatever may have been their primitive worship, they certainly accepted from the Hittites the worship of the Chaldean Istar, and we may infer from the analogy of their subsequent history that they also adopted the Hittite language, at least in central Asia Minor. At the bidding of the Phrygians, the successors of the Hittites, a large portion of them changed their language again. But if it be said that this is partly conjectural, it is at all events certain that they readily exchanged their language and their worship of the great Asiatic goddess of fecundity for the Greek language and the galaxy of Olympian deities, to whom they transferred many of the characteristic features of their old religion. In its turn this religion was readily supplanted by the state religion of Rome, that universal, all-embracing cult known as the worship of the Roman emperors. They accepted Christianity just as readily, and though they clung to it for a thousand years, yet the Turks, by opening to them all the privileges and honors that were the right of the conquering race, found little difficulty in inducing the rural population to embrace Islam and adopt the language of their shepherd conquerors.

At first all these various changes were slow of progress, and in the change to the Greek language, for instance, we have many traces of a struggle long kept up. In the case of the last change the process had been going on for several centuries before the fall of Constantinople, at which time it had been virtually completed. As might be expected of densely ignorant people, they have utterly forgotten this change of language and religion, and they would be swift to resent the imputation that they are not Osmanli Turks, but simply the same patient, good-hearted, and stolid people whose forefathers dwelt in the land thousands of years before ever the Turks were heard of. It was in this way that the whole Christian population of Asia Minor became Moslems, with the exception of comparatively few districts and villages. So true is this that scholars have even claimed that it is still possible to differentiate the nationalities that occupy different localities in Asia Minor, and herein is a great field for the ethnologist. Who ever heard of a blonde and blue-eyed Turk? And yet there are such men in Galatia to-day, men who stoutly claim that they are Ottoman Turks, whereas in point of fact they are almost certainly the lineal descendants of the old Gauls, or Galatians, as the Greeks called them. They might even be called French Turks.

This peasantry, which has accepted Islam and the Turkish language—and, when the tide turns that way, will quite as readily re-accept Christianity—is still in the main an Aryan race, now ruled by a handful of officials, the hybrid remnant of the shepherd horde that conquered the peninsula. If this be true, we begin to understand the reasons for that two-fold character of the Turk which has been commented upon so frequently. Mongrels have ever had a bad name. The peasant is not a mongrel; he is, therefore, honest, sturdy, peace-loving, long-suffering, and slow to anger, whereas the official or ruling Turk, who is at all events the traditional representative of the blue-blood of the conquerors, is exactly the opposite. Indeed, the Turkish peasant is oppressed and plundered by the official Turk quite as unmercifully as is the Christian subject; the only difference, so far as I could discover, being that the Christian has to pay a war capitation tax in lieu of service in the field, and in so far he is better off than the Moslem, his turn-coat brother. This ruling class is itself not of pure Turkish origin, for intermarriage with women of every conceivable stock, from Ethiopia to Circassia, and from 1070 A. D. down to the present day, has brought about the virtual extinction of Turkish blood. The Padishah himself can make no claim to purity of blood; he is more Circassian, more Greek even, than Turk. The purest Turkish blood is found only in the tents of the Turcomans and in Turkistan.

If the ruling class are not Turks any longer, no more are the peasants, for they never were Turks. While the conquerors might, and always did, take wives from the conquered natives, the principle did not work both ways. But it may be claimed that, after the original status of the peasantry had been forgotten by master and subject alike, then the aboriginal inhabitants, now turned Moslem, might marry Turkish women. True, they might; but if there is one social feature that forces itself upon the attention of the traveller more than another, it is the astonishing exclusiveness prevalent in Turkish communities as regards neighboring communities. The peasants live and die within the territory of their own villages, having neither intercourse nor intermarriage with neighboring villages. They get their sole glimpse of the world when they go off to the army. Indeed, the traveller who seeks for topographical information is often exasperated to find in village A a total ignorance prevailing in regard to village B, only ten miles distant. This exclusiveness is as old as Strabo certainly, and it goes to prove that racial differences, though long since forgotten, are traditionally still existent, and prevent intermarriage between villages. All of which argues strongly for the theory that the peasants are not a homogeneous race—that is, are not Turks. Inbreeding prevails, and intermarriage between the ruling class and the ruled was limited to the period before the final adjustment of interests and the definite settlement of the ruling class in fixed abodes. It is still true that the harems of the wealthy class of officials and the gentry are stocked with beauties of any and every extraction. But there is a sorrowful absence of beautiful or even handsome women in the homes of the villagers. Amongst the nomads one often sees women who are splendid animals, splendid breeders, who might readily find housing in the harems of the great, but centuries of grinding drudgery have driven comeliness from the face and the person of the peasant woman, who is, therefore, rarely a candidate for harem honors. So that if an intermingling of blood still goes on, it is wholly one-sided. Intermarriage may take women from the village to be wives or concubines to the wealthy in the cities, but it brings no women to the village to break the traditional exclusiveness of the non-Turkish villagers.

The Turkish peasant, while a faithful Moslem, is no fanatic, under ordinary circumstances at least. In fact, according to his poor lights, he is very liberal-minded. On a hot summer's day without any hesitation he will quarter a foreign giaour in the mosque, because that is the coolest place in the village. This liberal-mindedness is very pronounced in comparison with the fanaticism say of the Persians, who account a mosque defiled if entered by a Christian or a pig. However, the non-Turkish peasant can be a fighter, and if his religion be insulted or he be prodded on to fanaticism by the superior or ruling class, he will defend himself until he is cut to pieces. His stolidity and his religion make him an excellent soldier, but, until further light be given me, I shall continue to believe that the *non-Turkish peasant* had no share in the Armenian massacres.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

THE RAWLINSON MSS. IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.—I.

LONDON, October, 1897.

Once upon a time a party of Americans who were on a visit to Oxford were being shown over one of the beautiful colleges for which that ancient city is famous. As the visitors were walking on one side of the quadrangle, a window was suddenly thrown up on the opposite side. "Oh, my! are these ruins inhabited?" exclaimed an American belle who was one of the party. In much the same way would American students be surprised if they knew what vast numbers of unpublished documents that tell of persons and things American during the colonial period are preserved in the various college libraries of the University, and, above all, in the Bodleian. As regards the contents of Sir Thomas Bodley's fane of

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learning, the authorities of the Library and the Syndics of the Clarendon Press have, by the printing of admirably prepared catalogues, done their best to bring their hoard of manuscript treasures within the ken of historical students. But, whether it is that the prices at which the catalogues are published are not "popular," or that reviewers do not find catalogues a sufficiently tempting subject for review, it is a fact that the treasures of the Bodleian are not known far and wide as they ought to be. In manuscripts the Bodleian ranks as a very good second to the British Museum in numbers; and in the rarity of some classes of documents, such as Oriental MSS., the Bodleian surpasses the great National Library of the United Kingdom.

It is practicable, at present, to deal with but a single class of MSS. in Oxford's principal library, and with an individual collection of that one class. With the help of the catalogue published by the Clarendon Press, and its admirable index, it is easy to bring before the eyes of readers of the *Nation* the contents of the manuscripts in the Rawlinson Collection. Subjoined will be found a list which, while it does not pretend to include every document, supplies particulars of most of those that relate to the colonial period of American history. Some talk of individuals—of simple colonists, or of clergymen, or of Governors or other officials. Others tell of towns, or districts, or of whole colonies. Administration, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, is described. In fact, the documents noted supply materials that cannot but throw fresh light on the personal and public transactions of the colonial period. Many, relating to the West Indies, have not been noted in the list subjoined.

The Rawlinson Collection includes a vast number of manuscripts besides those relating to America. It was bequeathed to the Bodleian Library by Richard Rawlinson, who died in 1755. The son of a wealthy Lord Mayor of London, Rawlinson was himself a non-juring bishop. His life was mainly devoted to the collecting of books, manuscripts, seals, and curiosities. Some of his books, and most of his manuscripts and other collections, were, by his will, left to the Bodleian. The estimable collector was a bit of a crank, as is shown by certain restrictions he imposed upon some of his endowments. By his will, natives of Scotland, of Ireland, or of the Plantations could not fill particular offices endowed by him. Legislation, however, has annulled those restrictions.

All libraries of repute should possess the admirable catalogues issued by the Clarendon Press, and especially that of the Rawlinson Collection of MSS., which is sold at the price of ten dollars, but, to students, is worth its weight in gold. Inquirers living in the United States can there learn of the materials for history awaiting employment. It is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to get copies of the documents, for there are persons in Oxford who, for a modest charge, will make all transcriptions required.

D. D.

ALLEN, Samuel, proprietor of the colony of New Hampshire: *v.* Vaughan, Major Will.
Orders of Privy Council, etc., on an appeal in Allen *v.* Waldron, 1701-8 (*copies*). C. 379. 6b–12.
List of papers relating to his pretended title to New Hampshire, C. 128. 6.

ALLETT, Rev. Thomas. Bond to go as chaplain to Virginia; 2 Apr. 1718, B. 376. 141.

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Notes of grants to planters in Virginia, Newfoundland, etc.; *temp Jac I.*. B. 309. 163b.
Ecclesiastical papers, C. 933; Papers of Corpor for prop. of Gosp. in N. England; 1649 56, C. 934. Act for promoting the Gosp. in N Engl., 1649 (*printed*), *ib.* 1. Letter from the Commrs. of the Colonies to the Corp. for prop. of Gosp., *ib* 40. Account of goods supplied to the Commrs. by the Corp.; 1651-2. *ib.* 44. 48. 50.
Adventures of a Frenchman amongst the Indians, especially the Iroquois; 1652–1665, A. 329.
Instructions for the commander of an expedition against the Dutch settlements in the Manhattoes; 165–, A 36. 109.
"A brief narration of the English rights to the northern parts of America"; 1656, A. 38. 707.
The market prices of provisions in Old and New England compared. A. 185. 263.
Commission of Ch. II., appointing a Council for the American Plantations; 30 July, 1670, A. 255. 140. Instructions for the Council, *ib.* 145. 150.
Accounts of conferences between Indian Sachems from Canada and the Commissioners for Indian affairs at Albany; June and July, 1700, A. 272. 98, 100.
Draft of a clause in an Act for preserving the pine forests, C. 933. 159b.
A Bishop desired; 1720. C. 933. 135. Petition from a Bishop of London to the Crown respecting the powers of his commissaries and the maintenance of ministers, C. 933. 165. Notice of a letter from the Bp of London to the clergy of New England; 1724. C. 151. 170.
Engraved map of part of N. America, C. 281. (*end*).
Clergy in America; see the miscellaneous papers of bp John *Robinson*, *passim*.

ANNE (Queen). Allowances to Colonial Clergy, Foreign Chaplains, &c.. C 933 164.

ARCHDALE, John, Governor of Carolina Questions respecting Carolina addressed to him, B. 243. 12

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Warrants for Payment for the company serving at Newfoundland; 16 June. 1705, A. 238. 180.

ARNOLD, Sion, a pirate. Copy of a pass granted to him by the governor of New Jersey; 12 Aug. 1699, A 272. 56 (see 75).

ASHBY, John, Capt. of H.M.S. the Rose. Instructions for him on being sent with land forces to Virginia; 20 Nov. 1676 (*copy*), A. 214. 108.
Abstract of his journal in the Rose. A. 185. 299.

ASPINWALL. William. Boston, New England. Speculum chronologicum; a chronology of the Scriptures; 1652. B. 156.

ASTWOOD, John, New England. Signature; 1652, C. 934. 41, 45.

ATWOOD, W., Chief Justice of New York. Letters to J Champante; 1702–9. A. 272. 161, 243.

BALLANTINE, John. Certificate that he is Clerk of the Peace, co. Suffolk, prov. Massachusetts; 1720, C. 128. 23.

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BASSE, col Jeremiah. governor of New Jersey: *v.* Coote Rich, E. of Bellamont.
Letter to E. of Bellamont, gov. of New York; 17 June, 1698 (*copy*), A. 272. 7. —— to Capt. Nanfan, lieut. gov. of New York; 30 May, 1699 (*copy*), *ib.* 35. Pass granted to a pirate (*copy*), *ib.* 56 (*see* 75). Appointment of a committee of the H. of Representatives of N. York to consider a petition from him; 12 Feb. 1699, *ib* 80.

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His case to be heard before the Queen in Council; 30 Apr. 1702, *ib.* 157.

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Draught of the forts, B. 243 15.
An act for the better ordering of slaves; 1701, C. 155. 273. An act for enlisting trusty slaves; 1708, *ib.* 279.
Questions relative to emigration there, by French refugees. C. 934. 217. 228 questions respecting the province, on behalf of an intending body of Lutheran settlers; 1705. B. 243. 12.
Representation of eccles. affairs in South Carolina; 1713, C. 943.
Admiralty proceedings in South Carolina about the ship "Ludlow;" 1717. C. 385
Testimonial from 18 members of the French church at Charlestown to their minister P. L'Escot, on his leaving them; 14 March, 1718-9, B. 376. 154.

CHAMPANTE, John, junior, Agent for the Province of New York. Papers collected by him relating to the province of New York; 1697-1715, A. 272. Appointed agent for the province; 1699, *ib.* 60. Re appointed agent; 1715. *ib.* 275. Persons recommended by him for the Council of New York, *ib.* 290. Petition to Will. III. for payment of the Earl of Bellamont's salary, *ib.* 293, 302. Petition to Q. Anne in behalf of Capt. Nanfan, *ib.* 300. Appointment as receiver of the Earl of Portland's rents; 1714, A. 290. 79.
Letter to Capt. Nanfan; 10 Apr. 1703, A. 272. 201. Letters to Col. A. de Peyster; 1707-10, *ib.* 237, 248b, 257b. —— to Roger Mompesson; 1707 10, *ib.* 239, 240, 245, 258b. —— to Adolphus Philips, 1707 10, *ib.* 245b, 257. —— to his sister Kate; 20 Dec. 1708. A. 238. 117. —— to Messrs. Staats and Governeur; Nov. 1709–Nov. 1710. A. 272. 245b, 247, 259, 260. —— to John Collins, *ib.* 246, 260. —— to Col. R. Hunter; 25 Feb.-Nov. 1710, *ib.* 250, 261. —— to Rob. Wallers: 8 Nov. 1710, *ib.* 256b. —— to Franc. Harrison; 9 Nov. 1710, *ib.* 257b. —— to Jac. Regnier; 1710-11, *ib.* 248b, 256, 262. —— unaddressed; 5 July, 1711. *ib.* 264. —— to Capt. Lawson; 8 May, 1715, A. 238. 131.

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Conferences with some Mohawk Indians respecting land in New York; 1698, A. 272. 16, 18. Order thereupon. *ib.* 28. Extract from a letter from him to the Commissioners for Trade respecting Col. Basse's proceedings in New Jersey, and Every the pirate; 1 July 1698, *ib.* 22. Instructions to Thos. Weaver appointed agent in England for New York and for the earl's private affairs. *ib.* 26. Instructions for Capt. Nanfan as lieut. gov. of New York; 25 May,

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Sketch for the government of a colony first called the New Empire, drawn up for him, A. 305. 2.

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Gotherson, Dorothea Scott, widow of Daniel. Petition to the King respecting some dealings with col. J. Scott for land in Long Island, A. 175. 112. Informations respecting her case, *ib*. 119, 126. Indenture with col. F. Lovelace constituting him her attorney for the management of her Long Island estate; 2 Nov. 1667, *ib*. 139. Letter to Thomas Lovelace, *ib*. 140. —— to Francis Lovelace; 15 June, 1669, *ib*. 144. Answers to 13 questions from Pepys concerning Scott and her dealings with him, *ib*. 147. Copy of the questions, A. 194. 125b.

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Harison, Francis, New York; *v*. Champante, John, jun.

Letter to J. Champante; 5 Oct. 1710, A. 272. 255.

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Letter: 1652 (*copy*), C. 934. 16.

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Charter of incorporation; 2 May, 1670, A. 295, 26. Copies of seven statements and replies on the part of the English Company and the French Company of Canada, with reference to their conflicting claims; *c*. 1687, *Fr*., B. 250. 33b 53b.

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Hyde, Edward, lord Cornbury, afterw. third E. of Clarendon; gov. of New York. Proceedings against Capt. J. Nanfan of N. York; 1702-5, A. 272. 83. Complaints against his government, *ib*. 159, 161. Suspends three members of Council; 9 June, 1702, *ib*. 163. Order prohibiting the departure of the Countess of Bellamont and Capt. John Nanfan; 5 Oct. 1702 (*copy*), *ib*. 171. Extract from a letter from him to the Commissioners of Trade; 12 Dec. 1702, *ib* 174. Letter to the same, on Lady Bellamont's accounts; 7 Oct. 1703 (*copy*), *ib*. 194. Warrant for arrest of Capt. Nanfan; 19 May, 1703 (*copy*), *ib*. 204. Notice of an official report on his letters touching the accounts of the Earl of Bellamont and Capt. Nanfan; 1706, A. 289. 188.

Letter to Bp. Compton respecting affairs at New York; 1702 (*imperf*.), C. 984. 133. Letters to Bp. Robinson; 1712-1719, A. 286. 177. B. 376. 169.

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Johnston, ——, Commissary of Bp. of London in S. Carolina. Representation of eccles. affairs in S Carolina; 1713, C. 943.

Johnston, Gideon. Bond to go as Chaplain to S. Carolina: 1714, C. 393. 67.

Kidd, Capt. William, a pirate; *v*. Coote, Rich E., of Bellamont.

Runs away with a French ship in 1689, from St. Christopher's, A. 270. 1. Depositions at New York respecting him; 1699, A. 272, 47. 48, 52. Orders of the Council of New York with reference to him; Aug. 1699, *ib*. 58, 59. Claim in the Court of Admiralty on the part of some Persian merchants to goods seized from Kidd and condemned as pirates' goods, B. 383. 543-545.

Lawson, Deodat, minister at Boston, New England. Diatribe de sessione Christi ad dextram Dei, C. 879.

Letter to Jer. Dummer and Henry Newman; Lond., 24 Dec. 1714, C. 128. 12.

L'Escot, Paul, French minister at Charlestown: *v*. Carolina.

Recommended for ordination for the French church at Dover; 1719, B. 376, 171. Certificate of examination, *ib*. 172b.

Leverett, Capt. John, Governor of Massachusetts. Letters to Cromwell; 1654, A. 16. 52. 18. 58. Letters to Capt. John Scott; 1663, A. 175. 110, 113.

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The *Leavett* to Virginia; 1698-9, C. 872. 1.

Two voyages in the *Bristow* to Virginia; 1699-1701, C. 872. 42, 76.

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Lovelace, Col. Francis, Governor of New York: *v*. Gotherson, D. Prior, M. Wren, M.

Indenture, constituting him attorney for the management of Mrs. D. Gotherson's estate in Long Island; 2 Nov. 1667, A. 175. 139.

Lovelace, Thomas: *v*. Gotherson, D.

Letter to Pepys; 15 July 1680, A. 173. 184. Petition to the duke of York, *ib*. 185. Account of his losses in the colony of New York, *ib*. 186. Letters of recommendation from Pepys on his behalf; 1680, A. 194. 185b-187b. Information respecting Mrs. Gotherson's case; 12 July, 1680. A. 175. 119.

Ludlow, Robert, New England. Signature; 1652, C. 934. 41, 45.

Correspondence.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEMAND FOR MORE MONEY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been a subscriber to the *Nation* so long—more than fifteen years, I think—and a constant reader more than twenty-five years, ever since I was a schoolboy, that, for many reasons, though I have not the honor of your personal acquaintance, I regard you as my stanch friend. More particularly is this true, as I have all these years considered the *Nation* as the best of American journals, and when in doubt, or when difficult political, financial, or other questions were before the minds of the people, have always deferred to it, and invariably found it correct, and unquestioned by fair minds in its positions. In the last Presidential canvass it was masterful. If I am not right politically, financially, and in other ways, you are most to blame for it, as you have, through the columns of the *Nation*, been my teacher.

Now can I interest you somewhat, through me, in my immediate section of the country in a financial way? We are needing money to do business. Many farmers have money locked up in the bank-vaults; they really do not know what to do with it; but there is not, by any means, enough of that, even if they knew how to lend it, to supply the needs of the community, which is a comparatively new one, and as a farming section is very fertile, and is destined to be, in the near future, one of the foremost agricultural regions in the country. It now yields per acre, in its yet primitive development and crude culture, from twenty to forty-five bushels of wheat and from fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn, and other cereals and crops of the middle temperate zone in the same high proportion. Fruits, berries of all kinds as fine as anywhere, all kinds of stock, can be raised and fattened here as profitably as anywhere. We have land that will grow grapes as fine as any in Steuben County, New York, or anywhere in the grape region. No stones, or gravel, or sand to contend with. The soil on the undulating surfaces is a rich dark loam, and underlying it a firm yellow clay that holds the fertilizers and prevents their waste. The level or "bottom" lands are a deep alluvial deposit, inexhaustible and easily drained. We are sixteen to twenty miles from the Mississippi River, whose waters can at no time come any nearer, because of the bluffs and hills between us and the river near its bank.

Even the crops raised to fertilize the soil, peas and red clover, pay as well when harvested in their use and sale as the other crops. So there is always a profitable inducement to keep the soil in good tilth. This section is getting better every year; no such thing now as failure in crops; invariably plenty to spare to pay any debts contracted, over and above the needs of the community.

Can you put me in communication with parties who would lend money in this section? I can easily show any one there is absolute safety; no community could be better in paying debts. Money lends here at 8 and 10 per cent. per annum, and the bank rate is about 1 per cent. a month. The legal rate is 6 per cent. No question about the land titles. The people are as frugal, industrious, and law-abiding as anywhere in the Union. I never knew any trouble about enforcing a mortgage debt. I cannot call to mind any foreclosure on land if the party kept his health; and there is no healthier section anywhere.

I have seen this country from Minnesota to Mississippi and Missouri to Massachusetts, and no section I have seen can surpass

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this in the ease and certainty of acquiring a competency. So there can be no doubt about meeting, with regularity, any mortgage debt or interest. This, like all new countries, with great agricultural advantages, needs capital to develop it rapidly. The silver craze is subsiding, never to trouble us again in our day, and the people in these parts are now ready to go to business, thanks to the thorough campaign of education.

The editor of a periodical such as the *Nation* is, can have a great influence wherever he may choose to exercise it. I should be highly gratified if you could be interested in our section. Lend your influence in binding us by financial links to the great city; it has a plethora of capital; we need some of it. A. M. HANCOCK, Attorney.

UNION CITY, TENN., November 4, 1897.

[All that Mr. Hancock says about the condition of his part of the country is undoubtedly true. But his ideas about banks and their functions seem to indicate that he has not, in common with a large number of others even here, sufficiently considered the subject. Banks are enterprises started everywhere all over the world, since the close of the Middle Ages, for the purpose of making money, just like opening a dry-goods store or a restaurant. They make this money by using the money of depositors, in conjunction with their own, for the purpose of discounting bills, and buying securities for the purpose of selling them again at a profit. But it has been found by long experience that they cannot safely lend money without security, and that the security they lend on must be realizable *immediately*, in case the loan is not paid at maturity. Consequently banks of discount do not lend money on land, because the security is not realizable at once, and may not be realizable for years. For this reason farmers in all countries have long been clamorous for banks, and have never yet been successful in getting them, because the only security they can offer is land which cannot be sold, and cattle which may disappear, and crops which may fail.

This question has long been known in France, and made a great deal of rumpus under the name of "crédit agricole." Every now and then there is a proposal both there and here, that the Government should be compelled to establish country banks at the public expense, and lend money to all citizens without security. What the farmer needs, even more than money, as a silver statesman remarked some years ago, is "collateral." Now, business men will establish banks in no place where there is no collateral. In vain you tell them about the prosperity and productiveness of your region. They will coldly answer, "Have you plenty of collateral? Are there among you plenty of men to borrow, whose credit is such that they will be sure to pay on the day named; or who can put up securities which we can sell at a moment's notice?" Mr. Hancock may be assured that if this is true of his region, he will find any number of men to establish a bank. The sole reason why banks do not exist in any locality is that the number of borrowers who have credit and collateral is not large enough to make them pay. Bankers are not philanthropists. Show them, not that you would like a bank, but that a bank in your neighborhood can make money by the ordinary banking business, and a bank you will have, without any introduction or inquiry from us.

An effort, and a very successful one, has been made in Italy, and is being made in Ireland by Mr. Plunkett, the member for South Dublin, to meet this difficulty of "crédit agricole," or farmers' banks, by starting coöperative banks, which substitute moral for collateral security. A certain number of farmers, who "have money locked up in the bank vaults," form an association which jointly is probably able to borrow some more capital, as an investment, if they need it. They start a bank and make loans to their neighbors, but each borrower's application is considered by the whole corporation with reference to what they *know* of his character. He has to tell what he wants the money for, and it has to be a productive enterprise, and his business and moral character have to be such as to convince the bank that he will keep his engagements. In this way a farmer of good character who wants money for business purposes, and has shown himself capable, rarely fails to get it. But it is not a regular banking business, for the bank does not lend to anybody whom it does not know well. We do not see any other way in which farmers' banks can be established, and we advise our correspondent to write to Mr. Horace E. Plunkett, 104a Mount Street, London, for his experience and documents. A good many such banks are working successfully in Ireland.—ED. NATION.]

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The price cotton is selling for is a great disappointment to the South. It was not anticipated, as consumption and production were close on each other's heels, and the stock on hand was of extremely meagre proportions. Judged in the light of past experience, it looked as if the crop would bring two cents per pound more than it is now bringing. However, in the factors that formerly fixed the price of cotton, one element differs now, and to this difference, in the estimation of many, is due the low price now ruling.

The difference consists in the way the bulk of the cotton crop is now marketed as compared with the method in vogue seven or eight years ago. Formerly the crop was marketed through the cotton factor in the cities of the South. Now it is done largely through the local buyer at the "cross-roads" depot. The advent of the local buyer was hailed with great rejoicing. The farmer could then sell direct to the "spinner buyer." The cotton factor would be eliminated as a useless expense, and the one-half cent per pound cost of marketing saved. In the light of recent events it looks as if the farmer had to a considerable extent accomplished his purpose of saving the two and one-half dollars in commissions and charges, and lost ten dollars per bale in the value of his cotton; a delightful bit of rural financiering.

Formerly the crop was concentrated in the large cotton centres with cotton factors. It was in strong and comparatively few hands. The higher the price of cotton, the better it was for both factor and grower. Factors having control of the spot cotton, declines in price could often be successfully resisted and advances in values maintained. How different the conditions now! The cotton is scattered in the hands of many, many thousand cotton-farmers, each marketing his cotton alone and without reference to the other; in the hands of parties mainly who are in debt and must sell their cotton to pay the country merchant's store-bill.

The thousands of little railroad stations each has its little local buyer. Each country buyer is a force continually acting to lower the price of cotton. He is either endeavoring to get the farmer to accept the extremely low bid of the shrewd spinner at a price that will net the buyer twenty-five or fifty cents a bale, or he is flooding the different markets with telegraphic offers, wildly endeavoring to pluck orders from his almost innumerable competitors. The number of offers alone causes the amount of cotton offered to be largely magnified. In many instances the local buyer is impecunious, and has adopted cotton-buying after having failed in every other line. This has, however, not prevented him this year from selling ahead thousands of bales of spot cotton, which it would be impossible for him to deliver were the market to advance. He can readily do this, as he has nothing to lose; and if the market goes his way, as it has done, he is so much the gainer.

During the present crop the price has been put down notch by notch by the enormous offers of spot cotton by these local buyers, in spite of the fact that the size of the crop is purely prospective and the actual movement is smaller than with the crop last year, a crop which, although a large one, lacked three hundred thousand bales of supplying consumptive requirements.

That cotton should bring the best possible price is a matter of national concern. Many schemes have been proposed for marketing the crop, but, on account of the large area of territory involved and the number of parties in interest, nothing feasible has been proposed. Laissez-faire must be trusted to bring a solution of the problem.

W. COLLIER ESTES.

MEMPHIS, TENN., October 26, 1897.

THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent number of the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen contains a communication that should be of interest to American art lovers and technicians. It is sent out by a committee, of which the architect, F. Meldahl, is the chairman, to which has been intrusted the restoration of the decorations on the outer walls of the Thorvaldsen Museum. These pictures were executed

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at the time the building was erected, a few years after the death of the sculptor, and represent the most important events of his life. For a number of years it has been felt that some steps would have to be taken to prevent the obliteration of the colors, and in order to reach the best results this committee calls upon technical experts throughout the world to offer suggestions. All persons able and willing to assist in this important undertaking are requested to communicate with the committee under the address, "The Thorvaldsen Museum, Copenhagen, Denmark." Prompt attention will be paid to all such communications, and any required information as to the present condition of the decorations and the manner of their original production will be freely given.

Yours respectfully,

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, November 6, 1897.

MONS PILATUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of November 4, 1897, Mr. Edwin W. Fay, of the Washington and Lee University, gives us an etymology of Mount Pilatus on the Vierwaldstätter See, deriving the name from *mons pilleatus*. This etymology has long been known to and accepted by scholars: it is to be found in any reliable book on "Deutsche Volksetymologie" of recent years. Thus, in Andresen's 'Ueber Deutsche Volksetymologie' (Heilbronn, a.-N., 1883), p. 27: "Der Berg *Pilatus* in der Schweiz heisst nicht nach dem bekannten römischen Landpfleger, obgleich die Sage sich auf ihn bezieht, sondern ist der *Pilatus* (der Behutete)." Early commentators derived the word from *pila*, often used to denote a mountain-pass; scholars are now agreed, however, that it is from *pilcus*, a hat, referring to the mighty cap of clouds which usually covers its bald summit completely. Hence the old French couplet:

"Quand Pilate a mis son chapeau,
Le temps sera serein et beau."

The Germans have another name for this same mountain, namely, "Frakmont," from *mons fractus*, indicating its rugged and broken aspect. There is an interesting article in *Bentley's Miscellany*, i., 608, on the above-mentioned mountain.

Respectfully, EDWARD MEYER.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, November 6, 1897.

Notes.

The lectures which Prof. T. K. Cheyne of Oxford is now delivering in this country at various colleges and elsewhere, on 'Religious Life and Thought among the Ancient Hebrews in Post-Exilic Days,' will form the third volume in the series already begun with Prof. Rhys-Davids's 'Buddhism' and Prof. Brinton's 'Religions of Primitive Peoples.' The publishers will be G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'The Story of Gladstone's Life,' by Justin McCarthy, and 'The Social Mind and Education,' by George E. Vincent of the University of Chicago, are in the press of Macmillan Co.

Fleming H. Revell Company will shortly publish, in connection with John Murray, London, 'Korea and her Neighbors,' by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, with numerous photographic illustrations and two new maps.

'In Tune with the Infinite,' by Ralph Waldo Trine, is to be issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, will have ready next month the Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller in one large volume.

Smith, Elder & Co., London, are just bringing out 'The Autobiography of Arthur Young,' with selections from his correspondence, by Miss Betham-Edwards. Two portraits and many unpublished letters enhance the value of this work.

George Redway's autumn list includes 'Reminiscences' of Miss Betham-Edwards; a new translation of Voltaire's 'Candide,' with introduction and notes by Walter Jerrold and sixty-two vignettes by Adrien Moreau—in a limited edition; 'The Morality of Marriage, and Other Essays on the Status and Destiny of Woman,' by Mrs. Mona Caird; and 'The Story of Our English Towns,' by P. H. Ditchfield.

The fifth edition of Prof. Saintsbury's 'Short History of French Literature,' to be soon issued by H. Frowde for the Clarendon Press, is marked by thorough revision, especially in the section on the nineteenth century.

Those interested in the history of the exploration of Australia in the first half of the seventeenth century, and of the doings of the Dutch East India Company of that time, will be glad to learn that the long-promised work upon Tasman may be confidently expected to appear early in 1898. The recently discovered Journal of Tasman's discovery of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, in 1642-43, signed by Tasman himself, with fifty-three drawings and charts, will be reproduced by photolithography. A word-for-word translation of the Journal into English will be given, and of the letters of instructions for the voyages of 1642 and 1644. It has been revised by Mr. Coote of the British Museum, an expert in cartography. Tasman's own observations with the compass will be given. A very valuable memoir of the Life and Labors of Tasman will be supplied by Professor J. E. Heeres, who possesses exceptional knowledge of the colonial archives at The Hague. Four large reproductions of charts of Tasman's exploratory voyages in 1634, 1639, and 1642-44 will form part of the work, which Müller & Co. of Amsterdam will publish. Those who desire a copy of this luxurious work can have it on payment of £6 sterling.

In recognition of his valuable historical work, Mr. George McCall Theal, LL.D., historiographer to the Government of Cape Colony, has been elected by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, to be an honorary fellow of that society. Dr. Theal's 'History of South Africa' is a standard work. Its author has been for many years settled in South Africa, but is at present in London, charged by the Cape Government with the duty of scanning the records of the British Museum and the Public Record Office for papers illustrative of the history of South Africa. The extent to which the Colonial Government has been amassing papers connected with that part of the world may be gathered from the fact that between five hundred and six hundred volumes of copies of old records have been sent from The Hague alone to the Cape. Dr. Theal is a native of the Dominion of Canada, whither his family, who were loyalists, removed from the United States, and it is more than two hundred years since their progenitor removed from England to North America.

Little more need be said of the four-volume edition of Rousseau's 'Confessions,' published in London by Gibbings & Co. and in Philadelphia by Lippincott, than that it is handy in form and well printed. It is a patchwork upon the anonymous English version of a hundred years ago, and so far an improvement; but no translation will supply the peculiar charm of the original, in which the style is in the highest sense the man. A few illustrations (besides a portrait) have been inserted, reductions from the ten-year-old designs of Maurice Leloir; and there is an index of names which is passable. But an analytic index is the boon which a not indolent editor might have earned gratitude for, and we ought at least to have had a table of contents. There yet remains to be made an edition of the French, annotated from all the other biographical sources of this author, and even then for the true character we should have to go also to the correspondence.

The 'Works of Rabelais' have nothing intrinsically in common with the foregoing, but are issued by the same publishers in five volumes, following the version of Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux, and have the same merit as specimens of bookmaking.

'Shakespeare's London,' by T. Fairman Ordish (Macmillan), appears to be the introductory volume to a new series, to be entitled "The Temple Shakespeare Manuals." Its scope is rather less than might be inferred from the title, embracing little more than a somewhat rambling attempt to explain the background of the scenes in Shakspere's plays which are laid in London. A few, but far too few, illustrations add to the interest of the book. An outline map of old London is especially needed. Attention disproportionate for a "Manual" is given to recent theories of the allegory of contemporary life and politics in Shakspere's plays. In style and arrangement the book is neither sufficiently lucid nor sufficiently entertaining to be altogether successful. The student may more profitably consult the pertinent chapters in the larger works of recent date on the London of old, by Wheatley, Loftie, or Besant, or even the original descriptions in Stow or Harrison.

The fall trade is bringing out the usual number of picture-books. First in order of time and easily first in order of merit is Boutet de Monvel's 'Joan of Arc' (The Century Company), the quality of which should not be judged from the black-and-white reproductions that have appeared from time to time in the *Century Magazine*. This artist's style is essentially decorative, and his line is but a skeleton for his color. What seems, in black and white, the ultra simplicity and almost affected naïveté of his drawing, reveals itself in the colored prints as the appropriate boundary of his exquisitely selected and balanced tones and colors; and the result, though between the covers of a book, is truly mural and even monumental. It is interesting to compare some of these drawings with the treatment of similar themes by Mr. Abbey in his "Holy Grail" series in the Boston Public Library, and to remark how the American artist, notwithstanding his ability and the great merits of

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his work, remains, conversely to his French confrère, the illustrator of books, even when painting vast compositions upon the walls of a noble building. The story of Joan is simply told for children in the accompanying text by M. Boutet de Monvel himself.

'An Alphabet,' by William Nicholson (R. H. Russell), introduces to the American public an artist of a very different type, whose portrait of the Queen, in a style similar to these drawings, had a great vogue in England during the Jubilee celebration. Mr. Nicholson affects the manner of rude early wood-engraving in which outline, light and shade, and local color are all indicated by and merged into fat, flat blacks. The crudity of contrast is then overcome by the use of broad tones of brown or gray over the whole surface, and there is an occasional note of red or blue to enliven the somewhat sombre pages. These twenty-six drawings, from the "Artist" at the beginning to the "Xylographer" and the "Zoölogist" at the end, vary much in quality, some of them being richly decorative and some almost stupid; but the coloring, in its deadened, Whistlerian key, is nearly always good. The "Flower Girl" and the "Trumpeter" may be mentioned as two of the best, and the "Urchin" as one of the least interesting, of the series. Judged by a short experience in one family, the book is remarkably and somewhat unexpectedly successful in its appeal to children—especially to very young children.

From the same publisher comes another work, whose appeal is to the elders, or at least to "boys" rather than to "children"—a collection of 'Drawings by Frederic Remington.' In a short note "Concerning the Contents" Mr. Owen Wister eloquently sets forth the truth to life of Mr. Remington's cowboys and soldiers and Indians, and this may be accepted as expert testimony on the matter.

We confess ourselves unable to discern in 'Phil May's Graphic Pictures' (Routledge) the merit that has been found by many in that artist's work. His drawing is undoubtedly accurate, but to us it seems neither humorous nor beautiful, but simply commonplace, while his manner is inflexible and lacking in charm.

The Macmillan Company are the New York agents for 'Portrait Miniatures,' by George C. Williamson, Litt.D., the latest addition to the "Connoisseur Series," published by George Bell & Sons, London. The book, besides some hints to "the amateur collector," contains a history of miniature painting in England from Holbein (1531) to Sir William Ross (1860), and a briefer account of foreign miniaturists and of the present revival of miniature art in England. Naturally there is no mention of American work of to-day, some of which is of excellent quality. The book contains very good collotypes, process cuts, and woodcuts of more than a hundred and eighty well-chosen miniatures; and an examination of them throws light on the curious difference between merit and reputation. Holbein and Cooper are indeed great names as well as great artists, but Cosway, whose name dominates the eighteenth century, and who may almost be called *the* miniaturist *par excellence* in popular opinion, is, as an artist, vastly inferior to such less-known contemporaries as George Engleheart, Ozias Humphrey, or William Grimaldi. The sub-title is "A Handbook for Collectors," and the work should prove useful in that capacity.

The Century Co. have reproduced in book form Mr. La Farge's delightful 'Artist's Letters from Japan,' with the original illustrations that appeared with them when they were running in the *Magazine*. The letters gain in interest, read consecutively, but they are still somewhat desultory, and the book is not one for the searcher for information. Mr. La Farge writes always as the artist, more interested in colors than in facts, and much of what he has written is an attempted record of visual impressions, charmingly done, but not always quite successful in reproducing the thing seen to another's eyes. There is always a subtle and flexible style, and there is a good deal of philosophizing and suggestive criticism by the way, some of which is of real value. Part of the chapter on "Japanese Architecture," which deals with the whole question of right and wrong methods in art and what art is, may be especially recommended as wholesome and stimulating reading for students of art, and even for many professional artists who may be in danger of forgetting the truths Mr. La Farge teaches. They are truths which have been attempted to be enforced again and again in these columns, though with less distinction of manner, and Mr. La Farge is almost as good as Fromentin in his treatment of them. More than this it would be difficult to say.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known African sportsman and traveller, puts a low estimate on the agricultural value of Rhodesia in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October. The superficial area of that part above the fever-belt (4,000 feet) and accordingly adapted to European colonization, is approximately 26,500 square miles; but, whatever the fertility of the soil, the cost of transport to Europe will prevent the cultivation of any agricultural product for export. The two great evils under which the country is suffering at present are the rinderpest, which has practically destroyed all the cattle and large game, and the locusts, which for seven years have made agriculture well-nigh impossible. These evils Mr. Selous believes to be temporary and not likely to recur for many years, possibly centuries. A useful orographical map adds to the value of the article. Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard University discusses the relations of the winds to ocean currents. His conclusions are that the "surface currents are ruled by the winds," but that the movement of the deep water is probably due to oceanic convection. This is followed by an account, by Prof. R. E. Dodge of this city, of what has been done recently to improve the teaching of geography in our schools.

The water on the Banks of Newfoundland is the subject of an article by Dr. G. Schott in *Petermann's Mittcilungen*, No. 9, which is accompanied by an interesting series of six maps showing the direction of the warm and cold currents, the temperature of the surface water in February and in August, the extent of the floating ice, the percentage of fogs, and the steamer-routes from January to July and from July to January. Other articles are a physical description of Tierra del Fuego by Dr. O. Nordenskjöld, with a map, and the conclusion of Dr. Fischer's investigations into the geological development of Italy.

Medical journals are countless as leaves in this country, but the rapid growth of interest in pure science in recent years has at last made necessary (in the opinion of its promoters) the foundation of an American journal devoted solely to Physiology. The first number of the proposed journal will appear in January; the editors will be Bowditch of Boston, Chittenden of New Haven, Howell of Baltimore, Lee of New York, Loeb of Chicago, Lombard of Ann Arbor, and Dr. V. I. Porter, No. 688 Boylston Street, Boston, to whom the subscription price of five dollars should be sent.

The *Monist* has begun its eighth year with a very engaging list of contributors, past and future. This journal, which is devoted to the discussion of the fundamental principles of scientific inquiry, fills a most useful office, and is an instance of how much can be done by the devotion of a single individual, if he is an editor, to add to the amount of intellectual work which is brought to the light in a given country. Dr. Paul Carus is deserving of the earnest support and encouragement of those who believe in furthering intellectual pursuits. The October number of the *Monist* reprints Prof. Eimer's Leyden address on Orthogenesis, by which he means definite evolution occasioned by organic growth. Prof. Mach expresses his adhesion to the view that the ear, which, in its several parts, is now known to be the organ for orientation as well as for hearing, had the former of these two functions for its original one, and that even so high up in the animal scale as in fishes, hearing, as a distinct sensation-quality, does not exist.

In the face of the agitation which has been carried on by well-meaning persons who have succeeded in making instruction regarding alcoholism compulsory in several States, it is extremely desirable that the physiologists *von Fach* should tell us distinctly just what science has to say regarding the deleterious effects of alcohol in small quantities, and to what extent the argument in favor of total abstinence can be made sound. Children are peculiarly keen at detecting any forcing of the note in the incentives which are put before them towards virtues of any sort, and there is an intellectual honesty which it is of more importance to propagate than abstention from alcoholism. It is therefore a matter of importance that the Committee of Fifty has commissioned Prof. Hodge of Clark University to make a thorough study of the subject. Prof. Hodge's discoveries regarding the immediate and marked effect of alcohol on nerve cells have made it natural to regard him as an expert on the subject.

The Quarterly Statement for October of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the final report on the excavations at Jerusalem by Dr. Bliss, and a description of portions of the great mosque at Damascus by Mr. Dickie and Mr. R. P. Spiers, illustrated by numerous drawings to scale. This building, which was nearly destroyed by fire in 1893, is now being slowly restored. Col. Goldsmid makes an interesting statement as to the increased number and improved condition of the Jews in Palestine. "Where there were three little needy colonies [in 1883] there are now over a hundred, some of which are nearly self-supporting, and the output of wine in the Jewish colonies is something enormous at the present time."

Seven years ago we called attention to the merits of Gottfried Keller as a story-teller, and it is with interest that we note

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the appearance of one of his best-known tales in the October-December number of *Poet-Lore*. The editor, however, is in error in accepting, and confirming, the statement of *Cosmopolis* that no translation of his work had ever appeared in English. The same tale, which is here given in an abridged form, was published in the *Century*, a high-class weekly of New York, in the issues for August 23 to September 13, 1860. In 1885 a three-part tale, "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones," appeared in *Outing*.

The Society of Natural and Economical Sciences of Palermo has resumed the publication of its *Giornale*, six years having elapsed since the appearance of volume 20. The twenty-first volume contains seven papers, including a continuation of Gammellaro's account of fossils from the Sosio valley.

—If any settlement of the Bacon-Shakspere question were possible, Mr. John Fiske's entertaining 'Forty Years of Bacon-Shakspere Folly' in the current *Atlantic* would dispose of it. The difficulty is, as any one can see who reads the history of this curious narrative of delusion, that the gift of weighing literary evidence is not coextensive with that of reading and writing, nor even with that of a very high degree of general education. One of the oddest facts in the story is that one of the books produced to prove the case for Bacon was written by a judge who was also a lecturer on evidence; yet he would probably have passed on the question (had it come before him judicially) with perfect sanity, because, in that case, he would have felt forced to allow himself to be governed by the weight of authority, which is all one way. Outside the articles in this number which may be regarded as instalments of books, one of the most valuable papers is F. J. Stimson's "Democracy and the Laboring Man." He shows that during the last ten years some 1,639 laws have been passed in the various States and Territories affecting laboring interests. Of these, 114 specific statutes have been declared unconstitutional, while "of the forty-three lines of action in which legislation has been essayed, the constitutionality of no less than twenty-three is, mildly speaking, in doubt." If we assumed that each court decision was right, and would be followed in other States, 56 per cent. of the whole legislation would turn out invalid. This cannot be presumed, especially as the courts of all the States do not take the same view of the same law. But, according to any test, an immense proportion of the legislation has been upset. If we inquire on what ground, the answer is in nine cases out of ten that the Legislature has attempted to give the laborer special privileges, or to interfere with his actions, or the actions of employers, in his peculiar interest. Hence these statutes, when they have not been set aside as interfering with rights of contract or property, have been nullified by the courts as invasions of individual liberty; all this activity of the Legislature representing tyranny against which we have to struggle as our ancestors struggled against the tyranny of their day. A more shocking exposure of the modern Legislature has never been made. The invasions of liberty which it describes stand, the reader will notice, not so much for that tyranny of the majority which Socialism would introduce, provided the majority favor it, as for the corrupt influence over the legislative body of a special class. Nine-tenths of the laws would probably never have commanded a majority vote of the electorate had the question been thoroughly canvassed.

—The *Century* for November prints the report of an interview extraordinary with the Sultan of Turkey, by Hon. A. W. Terrell, late United States Minister at Constantinople. It is virtually a communication from the Sultan to the American public. There is nothing in it of much importance or novelty, except some significant evidence that Mr. Terrell knew that the later Armenian massacres were to be set on foot some time before they actually occurred. He quotes from a letter of his written in December, 1895 (U. S. For. Rel., Pt. II.), in which he declared that as early as August of that year he had been convinced that "the so-called reforms would, when announced, be followed by a massacre of Armenians." He was led to this conclusion, he says, by reflection on the Ku-klux outrages in the South at the close of our war, following upon "enforced reforms," but he evidently had better warrant for his foresight than this, because he says that it was "known here that at least one of the Powers would not consent to the use of force to make the reforms proposed for the benefit of the Armenian race effective." And so, in advance of the massacres, he "demanded and obtained," on October 21, "telegraphic orders to every civil and military chief in the Ottoman Empire to protect American missionaries." Abdul wishes it to be known that he does not "have it in his nature to be wilfully cruel." "Thus," says Mr. Terrell naïvely, "does this isolated ruler, who is regarded by very many persons as a throned assassin, give utterance to the noblest sentiments." An article on Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, by V. C. Scott O'Connor, gives some interesting reproductions of her famous photographic portraits. The heroic "Story of Chitral" is told in all its details by Charles Lowe.

—In *Harper's* an illustrated article by Richard Harding Davis gives an amusing and at the same time sad account of the Greek soldiery. "The New Japan" is the subject of an intelligent but not very informing article by Toru Hoshi, Japanese Minister at Washington. If Japan is to become one of the family of nations, the questions which need to be answered are not merely historical or diplomatic, but legal; and on the most elementary questions of common right the article throws no light. We are reminded that Japan has a "constitutional" form of government, and that in 1899, by virtue of the recent treaties, for the first time in history an Oriental nation will be received by Christian Powers on a footing of perfect equality. So far as the relations of the United States with Japan are concerned, the treaty, which was negotiated during Mr. Cleveland's second term, bears out the statement of the article. Ex-territoriality goes by the board, and for the protection of Americans in Japan we are to look in future to the Japanese Government, exactly as in the case of Americans in England we look to the English. George Wharton Edwards gives an illustrated account of "The Pardon of Sainte-Anne d'Auray in Brittany," a festival which for the day revives or perpetuates the old Catholic peasant world in that out-of-the-way corner. Primitive Brittany is not so accessible in reality as it looks on the map, and on most days of the year the local costume is little worn; but on the occasion of a Pardon the scene is bright with color, and while the ceremonial is Catholic, there are certain accessories, especially the sacred fountain or spring and the surrounding sylvan-terraced hillsides, which take the spectator back to still more primitive times and worship, before there was any Catholic religion or French language.

—William Allen White, in *Scribner's*, gives an account of "The Business of a Wheat Farm," which exhibits by text and illustrations the present condition of agriculture in the far Northwest. What will strike everybody is the picture of Adam's occupation turned into a modern industry carried on on a great scale with capital, machinery, and the complete subordination of the original husbandman to the conditions of a new economical cosmos. In fact, in the process the original husbandman, farmer, agricultural laborer, and peasant, attached to the glebe, for life if not by inheritance, has disappeared, and in his place we have a quantity of "hands," hired for the ploughing or the reaping, who may for the occasion camp on the territory which embraces the "farm," but who have very little more vital connection with it than the hands of a factory or a railroad with their particular mill or line. Perhaps the most curious thing in the article is that the author evidently thinks the present system not necessarily final. The average farm in the Red River valley is a property of 7,000 acres, but as the land has been taken up the price has increased, and this is a temptation to sell. "Hence one finds the large farms gradually crumbling." But the fact that the work is so extensively done by machinery, one would think, would tend to a régime of large farms, in the long run, in that part of the world, more strongly than any rise in value could tend to break them up. "No Continuing City," by Blanche Willis Howard, is a painfully clever story, which recalls the pathos of a situation made familiar by Dickens, but now not much in use by writers of fiction. William B. Bigelow has an article which is worth examination on "The Country Church in America." It has many illustrations of typical churches. As for exterior design, the writer comes to the conclusion that "there is no peculiarly American church architecture." The characteristically American churches of an earlier day, such as the New England meeting-house, are rapidly disappearing before a species of art too eclectic to be called national.

—Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, founded in 1885 by Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, and liberally maintained by him ever since, has given more attention to cloud study than any other institution in the United States. Personal estimates during the day, and automatic photography of the stars at night, have furnished a long record of local cloudiness. Certain high and uniform cloud strata are measured at night by the light reflected upon them from cities; the angle is found which the illumination makes with the horizon, and, the distance of the city being known, the right-angled triangle is solved. Lower clouds are studied by kites bearing self-recording instruments. Cirrus is judged to be, on an average, about 29,000 feet high, but is sometimes found as high

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as 49,900. Cumulus, on the other hand, is often less than a mile above the earth, although thunder-shower clouds sometimes reach into the cirrus region. Nimbus (rain cloud) is but 2,300 feet in altitude. The velocities at which these various clouds move are also very different. Generally the high cirrus travels about eighty-nine miles an hour, but in winter this speed occasionally rises to the surprising rate of 230 miles, the entire atmosphere moving twice as fast in winter as in summer; and at altitudes between two and nine miles an almost continuous westerly current of great speed prevails. Changes in barometric pressure, air temperature, and humidity with height are even more important in the science of the weather, and these are now most accurately found by elevating delicate instruments by means of large and powerful kites. With winds varying from fourteen to forty miles an hour, about 130 records have been made, many times at heights exceeding a mile. At such elevations both cold and warm waves are shown abruptly, and long before they are felt below; and in fair weather the days are damp, the nights dry—the reverse of surface conditions. So the upper air is now sounded by devices similar to those of Lord Kelvin in reaching abysmal depths of the ocean, and within the past three weeks the observers at Blue Hill have secured perfect records at vertical heights exceeding two miles, or rather more than 11,000 feet.

—An interesting instance of the elusiveness of scientific researches is furnished in a paper by Sir William and Lady Huggins, recently presented before the Royal Society and since published in full. It had long been known that certain two lines of the spectrum of calcium were remarkably conspicuous in the chromosphere and prominences of the sun, appearing when the other lines were hardly visible at all. To account for this it had been suggested that the lines did not belong to calcium, but to some hitherto undetected impurity (as argon in nitrogen), or else that calcium was itself (after the hypothesis of Lockyer) a compound substance, and that it became dissociated at certain temperatures. But the observations of the above-named investigators have shown that it is solely a question of the density at which the calcium gas is examined, and they have produced in their laboratory, and photographed, a spectrum of calcium in which other lines are almost entirely wanting. The discovery may prove to be one of great importance, because the calcium spectrum in its different phases can very likely be used as a criterion of the density of stellar atmospheres. Why density should be the quality to play so important a part, it is difficult to understand.

—Don Pascual de Gayángos died in London on the 4th of October, in his eighty-ninth year. Those familiar with the historian Prescott's works will remember the frequent acknowledgments made by that author to Don Pascual, who collected materials that were used in the writing of the histories of 'The Conquest of Mexico' and 'The Conquest of Peru.' Don Pascual's life-work was, in fact, to a great extent the collecting, the calendaring, and the indexing of historical manuscripts, and in these labors he was employed, not only by private individuals, but by the authorities of the British Museum as well. For the latter he prepared the valuable calendars of the Spanish manuscripts in the Museum, which cover nearly 3,000 pages of letter-press. Before his engagement with Prescott, he had already been employed by an American gentleman who was collecting documents relating to the history of the United States. Among the private undertakings Don Pascual carried out was that for a wealthy London wine-merchant named Cosens, who believed that fresh light might be thrown upon the life of Shakspere by documents preserved in Spain. To this end Gayángos copied a vast number of papers from the archives of Spain, among them the dispatches of the Count of Gondomar, when Ambassador in London. When Mr. Cosens died, his heirs, who did not set much store upon the collections, put them out to sale, when the British Government secured a portion at a great bargain. American students will find them in the Public Record Office, London, beautifully calendared and indexed. It is from this collection that Major Martin Hume has drawn some of the fresh details that appear in his recent 'Life of Sir Walter Ralegh.' Gayángos translated into Spanish Ticknor's 'History of Spanish Literature.' Among his other works was 'La Gran Conquista de Ultramar,' and a translation into English for the Hakluyt Society of 'The Fifth Letter of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V.' His death was the result of being knocked down in the street by a horse.

THE LIFE OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir. By his Son. In two volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1897.

No biography has for many years past been expected with so much curiosity and interest as this one. Tennyson was (unless an exception is to be made for Ruskin, who has been silent for many years) the last great literary man who used the English tongue. There is not now, either in Great Britain or in America, any poet high even in the second rank, and no prose-writer in the first rank. Tennyson had, moreover, so outlived all his eminent contemporaries (except Mr. Gladstone) as to have become a somewhat strange and mysterious figure to the new generation in both countries. No one remembered him as a young man. No one could recall the impression which his early poems made. To everybody he had been already famous from the time when they first began to care about poetry. Besides, he led an extremely secluded life, hated publicity, hated even to be seen by passers-by when he took his twilight walks on the down above his house at Freshwater, so that less was known regarding his appearance, character, and habits than in the case of any other person who approached him in eminence.

These two volumes, if they do not fully satisfy the curiosity of those indiscreet people who want to know everything about the great, give quite as much as needs to be known by those who desire to connect a poet's life with his verse, and to understand the conditions under which his genius worked. In general, a near relative makes a bad biographer, because he can seldom see his subject in due perspective, and because he—and still more she—cannot becomingly set forth a comment on those flaws which go to make the truth of the picture even where they are mere foils to surpassing excellence. Despite these difficulties, the poet's son, the present Lord Tennyson, has performed his task with great skill, judgment, and taste. There is hardly anything inserted which a fastidious critic could wish removed—one or two of the letters from the Queen are perhaps the only exception; and while the domestic life of the poet is given fully enough to make it real to the reader, five-sixths of the two thick volumes is devoted to tracing the development and illustrating the working of his poetic faculty.

Tennyson's life was not an eventful one, and almost the only dates that stand out like milestones along it are those that mark the publication of his greater works. He was born in 1809, that famous year which, besides Mendelssohn and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, ushered into the world Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, and W. E. Gladstone. His father was a Lincolnshire clergyman, a man of marked character and a considerable scholar; and the poet would seem to have drawn his intellectual gifts more from his father than from his mother, for the latter is described as a woman of singular sweetness and gentleness rather than of any conspicuous talent. Both he and his brothers "lisped in numbers." Charles and Alfred published their first volume of verse when the elder was only eighteen and the younger (Alfred) only seventeen, and, strange to say, they obtained one hundred dollars for it from a local bookseller. At nineteen Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge, but left it before taking his degree, being recalled by his father's weak health. Of his life there less is told than one could have wished for. The university at that time contained a group of men more distinguished than either it or Oxford has since seen, eight or nine of whom attained deserved and permanent fame, and Tennyson was looked upon by them all as the most brilliant genius among them; Arthur Hallam as the most winning and gracious personality. A tender reciprocal devotion united these two from the first. But though most of the group continued to maintain their friendship with one another, it does not appear that Tennyson was much affected in character or opinions by any one except Arthur Hallam. His own individuality was too strong to be moulded by others, and maintained its own well-marked lines through the whole of his career.

From boyhood, or at any rate certainly from his college years, he had felt poetry to be his vocation. Though his private means were slender, he seems never to have thought of entering any profession. Poetry, like music and painting, is an art in which the special gift makes itself very early felt, and it may be doubted if any one has ever attained high excellence in it who did not prove his gift before he was twenty-five. The volume entitled 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' which he published in 1830, when twenty-one, was enough to prove his gift to be real; that published in 1832 (including "Oenone," "The Lotos Eaters," "The Lady of Shalott," "The Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women") placed him at once at the head of all the poets of his generation, and contains some work which he never afterwards surpassed. Looking back after more than sixty years, one is amazed that the extraordinary merit of these poems should not have been immediately recognized by cultivated people, as it was by the little Cambridge group. But nearly twenty years were to elapse before Tennyson's appointment as

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Poet Laureate, after the death of Wordsworth in 1850, made his name familiar to the general public in England; and his American popularity came still later.

In 1837 or 1838 he became engaged to Miss Emily Sellwood, but it was not till 1850 that his circumstances permitted him to marry. His wife was a woman of singular refinement and charm, and their wedded life was one of unclouded happiness. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel had advised the Queen to grant Tennyson a pension of £200 a year; and within the four following years the sale of his poems had so far increased that it became possible for him to maintain a household. After 1850 his income from his books steadily increased, and from 1860 onwards he had no need to think about money. In 1853 he went to live at Farringford, near Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, and in 1868 he built a house at Aldworth on the top of Blackdown, a lofty hill near Haslemere in Surrey, and thereafter spent his time between these two country-seats, with occasional short trips to the continent of Europe. He died in October, 1892, having enjoyed good physical health through nearly his whole life, and retained his intellectual powers to the last. His latest volume of poems was published in the year of his death, at the age of eighty-three—an almost unparalleled instance of the prolongation of poetical power into extreme old age, for of the other great poets who have passed threescore and ten, which indeed not many have done, Sophocles is perhaps the only one who, according to the famous anecdote about the "Oedipus Coloneus," retained his gift in all its fulness.

There are not many letters of the poet's in this Life, for of the earlier ones few seem to have been preserved, and in his later years he wrote extremely few. Those printed are admirable, and more helpful to a comprehension of his character than the Reminiscences printed in the appendix. Of these reminiscence articles, those written by Mr. Myers, the Duke of Argyll, and the late Mr. Jowett are interesting, but two others are injured by the intrusion of the writer's personality, and one of these two, that by the late Mr. Tyndall, adds so little that it might with advantage be omitted in future editions. On the other hand, all that the biographer himself records—conversations with friends and opinions delivered by his father (such as the criticisms on Milton)—is admirably given, and makes us wish for even more of the same kind. Of the personal recollections happily introduced here and there through the book we have found those contributed by Edward FitzGerald and Aubrey de Vere, together with Mr. Sidgwick's remarks on the impression produced by "In Memoriam," the most interesting.

As already observed, it is in the history of the poet's mind and opinions, in the explanation of his modes of working and his self-criticism, that the chief interest of such a Life as this is to found. The biographer has most wisely devoted great pains to this branch of his task, giving us so much matter that is both new and instructive as to make it hard to select any parts for special notice. Four topics have, however, struck us as of eminent and peculiar interest. One is the opinions Tennyson held on religion. Another is his method of composition. A third is the origin of the several chief poems, *i. e.*, the conception or suggestion whence each sprang. A fourth is the poet's own judgment and taste in poetry.

The religious sense—that is to say, the impulse to look to and turn to a higher power—was strong in Tennyson from his childhood; and though he early divested himself of the dogmatic forms in which Christianity had been taught to him, he clung all his life to the belief not only in the existence of a Deity, but in the divine government of the world. His mind was incessantly occupied, from early manhood onwards, by the problems which the advance of physical science had raised. In the days between 1833 and 1845, when he was composing at intervals (and at first with no thought of publishing them) the poems afterwards entitled "In Memoriam," he had already begun to muse on these problems, and nothing in this Life is more interesting than the account given of the way his mind played round them, dramatizing the various moods through which he passed and the phases of doubt or hope that successively emerged. Somewhat later, he began to study metaphysics more regularly than before, and to read a good many scientific books. Neither of these influences altered the settled tendency of his mind. In old age he seemed more than ever concerned at the growing scepticism of the age. It cast a shadow over many hours, yet his own convictions did not falter. There are few of his later poems in which his disquiet at the decline of faith and his own belief in the power and guiding hand of a personal Deity are not indicated.

Being a man of very simple tastes, loving nature and quiet, indifferent to so-called sport and the other dull amusements of his social class, averse to city life, and not drawn to any kind of practical work, because he felt that his own gifts lay in a different direction, he was able to devote the whole of his time to reading and thinking and musing. The gift of versification came so naturally to him that to reflect meant almost necessarily to compose verses, and this spontaneous fertility would have been dangerous but for the extreme fastidiousness of his taste. He criticised his own work as closely, and with almost as much detachment, as the work of another, constantly rejecting what he had composed, recasting it, or polishing it to a higher finish. No other great modern has taken so much pains to revise his work in new editions, so that many of the best-known poems are now, in the later issues, very different from what they were in the earlier ones. It was a habit—it was, indeed, almost an instinct—with him, when some impression or thought flashed into his mind, to turn it at once into verse, and often to write down and lay aside the line or lines which he had thus struck off, keeping them till some fit occasion should arise for using them. One remarkable instance is given (vol. i., p. 218) of three magnificent lines in "Vivien" which were thus composed at a visit to the caves of Ballybunnion on the west coast of Ireland, composed in 1842 and incorporated in "Vivien" fifteen years afterwards. These two volumes contain a good many hitherto unpublished poems—some never used because they were alternative versions of poems published; some because their author thought them scarcely good enough. Their quality approves the poet's judgment,—for none among them reaches the level of his best work; yet many have the charm of graceful thought and melodious rhythm, and a few may deserve to be included in future editions of the 'Opera Omnia.' One of the finest, which well deserves to be so included, consists of some stanzas (given on p. 120 of vol. i.) written for the "Palace of Art."

Of the many interesting facts stated regarding the growth and development of the larger poems, we have space to note one only. "Maud," which Tennyson himself always rated highly, and which it always pleased him to find any one genuinely appreciate, grew out of a single poem, that which begins—

> "O that 'twere possible,
> After long grief and pain,"

and was, so to speak, written back from that piece, which (it will be remembered) comes near the end of the book. There is in the Life a short but instructive analysis of "Maud" from Tennyson's own pen, intended by him to correct some of the common misunderstandings of the poem. A curious account, too long to be abridged here, is given of the way in which the Arthurian Legend had occupied his thoughts from early youth, and of the various ways in which he had proposed to handle it. Of all his poems, none embodies so much of his philosophy of human life as the "Idylls of the King," and none shows more strikingly the change that passed on his poetical style.

Lastly, this biography contains a large number of critical dicta, most, and the best, of them by Tennyson himself, some others by the friends who surrounded him. The bard's own preferences are clearly marked. Besides Shakspere, whom he regarded as an almost superhuman intellect, he honored Milton most among English poets; next to him Wordsworth and Keats. "There is something of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything he [Keats] wrote." He used to say in early life that he doubted if he should ever do anything as good as Keats's "St. Agnes's Eve." Among the older singers, he especially loved Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and never ceased reading them. Byron he put comparatively low, calling him "endlessly clever, but not an artist or thinker in the higher sense." Among American poets he held Edgar Poe to be, "taking his poetry and prose together, the most original American genius." However, the value of these literary judgments lies so largely in the quotations which illustrate them that they suffer by detachment from their context. The lover of poetry will find these volumes rich both in the light they throw on the workings of an intensely poetical mind, and in the profusion of acute critical observations scattered through them. There is hardly a page in which one fails to find something that deserves to be remembered.

One is struck all through the book by the way in which Tennyson's poetry was his life. He thought of nothing else; or, rather, all that he thought of turned itself into matter for poetry. He needed nothing else to occupy his mind and time. Whether he travelled or read, whether he smoked alone in his upper chamber or wandered at night beneath the stars, he was always absorbing impressions which he turned as naturally and instinctively into musical verse as a plant breathes carbonic acid and turns it into vascular tissue. The fertility of his genius and the ease with which he composed would have been formidable enemies to excellence. But he was happily no less an

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artist than an inventor, and his power of self-criticism was joined to a noble diligence in seeking to bring all the work he put forth as near to perfection as he could bring it.

The reader, who feels in every page that this biography is written with the reverence as well as the intimate knowledge of a son, may, perhaps, ask what were the shadows on a character which is here presented in so favorable a light, and may distrust the picture because it does not show the shadows. If he does this he will err. Against the many noble qualities which Tennyson's career showed him to possess, there are really no serious defects to be set. He was so direct in manner as sometimes to appear brusque, and, therefore, rather formidable to strangers. He was all his life over-sensitive to criticism to an extent extraordinary in one who had reached a position of such undisputed preëminence. But he was not vain, though, like Dante and Wordsworth, he knew when he had done a thing well and was not afraid to say so; nor was he jealous, for no one was more ready to acknowledge the excellence of other men's work, no one more free from petty spites and hinted disparagements. He was upright, simple, honest, truthful, affectionate, a hater of injustice and cruelty, a friend to all good causes, a man who lived his life in the spirit of his own poetry, and retained, all through, the uninterrupted love and respect of those who had known him in his youth. There is nothing in the picture of this life, so full of tranquil dignity, more beautiful than the friendship which united him to three of the greatest of his literary compeers, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Browning, and Edward FitzGerald; nor do any records of those three men's lives set them in a more attractive light than what we find here as to their relations with Tennyson. The friendship of Browning and Tennyson, as we have it here set forth, deserves to take its place beside the friendships of Virgil and Horace, of Goethe and Schiller, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Such instances show how far from being generally true is the judgment expressed in the familiar phrase, *genus irritabile vatum*. There was a strong dash of melancholy in Tennyson's character, which produced in him moods of depression faithfully reflected in his poetry. But apart from this, and from the two great sorrows of his life, the death of Arthur Hallam in 1833 and the death of his son Lionel in 1886, his life was serene, as should be the life of a great artist, consecrated to the work in which he excels, honored in his own time, and destined to the crown of undying fame.

TWO BOOKS ON SPAIN.

Across the Country of the Little King. By William Bement Lent. Bonnell, Silver & Co.

In Northern Spain. By Hans Gadow. London: Adam & Charles Black.

Mr. Lent's title is not such as to prepossess one in favor of a book; nor is the prejudice created by it removed by its contents, which are in harmony with the title. It is possible to write a book on the most beaten paths in Spain and yet find plenty of new things to say. Mr. Lent follows these paths, but he saw only what the most commonplace "personally conducted" tourist would notice, and his style is that of the most rambling domestic letter-writer. Even in a private letter one would hardly look for such literary slovenliness as that which makes the author run on from p. 30 to p. 38 without a break or a paragraph. The volume is adorned with a dozen illustrations.

A very different sort of book is Mr. Gadow's. It takes us into mountainous regions of Spain of which the ordinary tourist does not even know the existence, and where Spanish life may be studied in its unadulterated mediæval backwardness. Once Mr. Gadow took a peasant companion to Riaño, where the latter for the first time saw a telegraph wire.

"The *guardia* at once ventured to explain the meaning and working of the telegraph. 'If I want to speak to my chief in Madrid, I go into that house to the postmaster. He makes click (accompanied by manual demonstration), click, click, and they have my message in Madrid.' 'Then the wire must be hollow?' 'No, you stupid, it is done by electricity.' Poor Miguel, he did not even say, 'Oh, I see,' but shook his head and thought Riaño was a very queer place."

Among the curiosities carried off by our author was the shoulder-blade of a cow which he found hanging inside a shop, and which had been used for writing down memoranda—an Arabic practice only recently superseded by the use of slates. All the older people in the mountains, from Galicia to the Basque provinces, had learned to do their sums upon such *huesas* (a word specially coined from *hueso*, bone). Mediæval also, or rather Oriental, was the custom Mr. Gadow found prevalent in the schools of teaching children their lessons by making them repeat sentences over and over again in chorus until the sound (though perhaps not the sense) had become familiar to them. Postal affairs, again, he found in a more primitive condition than even in the cities of southern Spain. A letter addressed to John Smith, Esq., is quite as apt to be put in the pigeon-hole marked J. or E. as that marked S.; so Smith has one chance in three of getting his letter when he asks for it. Once, at Potes, the author came across a letter addressed to a gentleman living in a town near Santander. He asked why it had not been sent to that place, to which it was addressed. The answer was, "That man is a *compatriota* of yours, a foreigner, at least, is he not? Well, numbers of strangers come to Potes, and he is as likely to turn up here as at Cabezon." Even at San Sebastian, Mr. Gadow was once compelled to seek the assistance of the consul to compel the postmaster to disgorge a letter for him which he knew must be there.

On the other hand, these primitive mountaineers have learned the use of modern dynamite to help them fell their hard gnarled trees which it takes days to bring down with an axe. The Government, in view of recent anarchist plots, has forbidden the sale of dynamite, and in the cities it would be dangerous to ask for it; but in the country you can get as much as you please. The men carry the cartridges about in their pockets, and one day Mr. Gadow was horrified to find that his muleteer had secreted two of the red sausage-like sticks in his (the master's) saddle-bags! In one respect these Spanish peasants were even found to be ahead of the rest of the world. They have learned to make cocks hatch eggs and look after the chickens, while the hen, being at liberty, can and does lay more eggs than she would if hampered by her maternal duties. The trick is performed in this way: They carefully pluck the feathers off the rooster's under-side, and the bare skin is then irritated with nettles until inflammation sets in. The cock soon finds that the pain caused by this cruel process is mitigated by warmth and softness, and this makes him willing and eager, although for purely selfish reasons, to hatch a brood and let the little chicks sit under him. It is even said that he emits the hen's clucking sound, but this *on dit* was not verified by the author.

Spain, like California, is in the popular mind associated chiefly with oranges and other products of warm climates; but, like California, it has every possible variety of climate and scenery. Who has ever heard of the Deva pass? Mr. Gadow says of it: "There is not a pass anywhere else in Europe to which this one yields the palm in grandeur and extent. Certain valleys in Norway . . . are flanked by higher mountains, and others in Switzerland are perhaps as grand, but here we have a pass about thirteen miles in length, every few yards of which bring new surprises of never-flagging sublimity." On the range near Oviedo, he says, "in the previous winter snow fell in such masses that it reached to the roofs, and the people were obliged to dig tunnels from their doors into the roads." In such regions the chamois are apt to be at home; our author repeatedly hunted them, and his experiences, graphically related, will interest sportsmen. The beaters demand only forty cents a day and find their own food. But not all these mountaineers are so modest in their demands. One day Mr. Gadow gave a boy a copper for catching some insects. The next day a maiden, who looked like a milliner, came in with a whole bandbox full of beetles, grasshoppers, and flies. To get rid of her he offered her a peseta (sixteen cents), but she flared up and wanted at least a dollar. "There are so and so many *bichos* in the box; you gave twenty centimos to my brother for less than one dozen; this makes one duro, and that without the box." When he told her to take her box and insects away, she grew vicious and wanted to be paid at least for the insects that had escaped into the room!

The natives of this part of Spain are by no means as polite as they are in the south. In Andalusia, an attempt to browbeat or to rebuke would be fatal—politeness alone makes an impression there; whereas "our sad experience has taught us that if you want anything at all from a Galician, be he a miserable shopkeeper in the Sierras, or be he agent of a line of transatlantic steamers, you must 'go for him' from the beginning; make yourself as disagreeable as possible." But these are not true Spaniards; their language, at least, is more like Portuguese than like Castilian. With all their rude manners, the humblest of the mountain peasants are apt to be very sensitive in regard to a supposed slight. One day, noticing that his beaters had only bread and cheese with them, the author cut his piece of ham in two and with a "Catch!" threw it over. "Neither of them caught it. They only looked astonished, and, with a bitter smile, one of them remarked, 'As at a dog!'" The Spanish language, with its charming diminutives, lends itself admirably to fine distinctions in the matter of etiquette and address—a reproach, for instance. To call a man a *burro*, a donkey, plain and simple,

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would be resented as an insult. *Burrico*, or little donkey, is comparatively inoffensive; but to convert the thing into pleasant chaff, you must call him *un gran burrico*, a big little donkey. Another advantage of the Spanish language is pointed out on p. 67:

"It is wonderful how well the Spanish language is suited for shouting and for communication across enormous distances. Many a time have we beheld two natives asking for and receiving information at a distance which would effectually bar any understanding in English, German, or other eminently consonantal idiom. *Anda á la derecha* is bound to carry further than 'Go to the right.'"

Something might be said for plantation long-distance English in the mouths of the Southern blacks.

Mr. Gadow had his kodak with him, and his volume is illustrated with ninety pictures. The appendix contains over fifty pages of valuable notes on the fauna and flora of northern Spain; but why an author who otherwise shows such good taste should have padded his volume needlessly with a forty-page condensed history of Spain, passes comprehension.

Varia. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897.

Two essays out of the nine included in this collection—"Little Pharisees in Fiction" and "From the Reader's Standpoint"—have already had a month's immortality in the magazines, and are here reprinted with their fellows. The latter essay insists on the obvious right of the reader to choose what he shall read, and of the writer what he shall write, in spite of Mr. Hamlin Garland and the critics. We have met with the same contention in much the same language in an earlier volume of Miss Repplier's essays, entitled 'Our Friends, the Books.'

The touch of Miss Repplier's hand is as light as ever, her sparkling gayety has its wonted edge, her method of composition has not changed. It is in respect of this last that she chiefly fails to live up to her nickname, "Little Miss Lang." Amiable flippancy, light-hearted irresponsibility, and a neat gift of expression she certainly has in common with the author of 'Essays in Little.' But Andrew Lang's fine carelessness of manner is as a glove under which you feel the hard metal of solid classical attainments—the scholarship that shows itself in the turn of a phrase, a half-quotation, an allusion that may be wholly lost on the uninitiated reader. It is the secret of Andrew Lang's irritating charm. The results of Miss Repplier's great literary industry lie on the surface. You can—and what is worse, you must—track out step by step the special course of reading pursued for each essay. For Miss Repplier, essay-writing is still an entertaining little game, in which you take a score or so of quotations from authors too little read, and, having shuffled them, stop the gaps with sparkling comment of your own. Miss Repplier manages the transitions with considerable skill, but the skill is too obvious to be art. The general effect of such an array of authorities is of all sail and no anchor. Yet we are convinced that Miss Repplier has chosen the literary type that best "sets her genius." It is a sad pity that one whom Nature cut out for an essayist should spoil herself in the making. There is a well-invented story of Pindar which we commend to Miss Repplier. Korinna the poetess had reproved him for neglecting to use myths in his odes. Pindar took the hint, and his next poem fairly bristled with mythology. Whereupon Korinna said, with a smile, "One should sow with the hand and not with the whole sack."

It is perhaps because it is necessarily free from quotations bearing the label of Dr. Johnson or the Ettrick Shepherd that the essay entitled "The Fête de Gayant" is one of the most pleasing of the nine. In this tale of Miss Repplier's experiences of French towns, and especially the town of Douai, *en fête*, there is such charming humor that one can almost forgive that slipshod use of the present tense in narrative which is one of the mint-marks of a lady's composition. "Old Wine and New" is a spirited defence of the infusion of "mere literature" into history in defiance of Prof. Seeley's warning to historians to keep to "blue-books and other statistics." In "The Deathless Diary," Miss Repplier, in the course of copious quotations from diary-keepers ranging from Pepys and John Evelyn to Maurice de Guérin, thus apostrophizes "those who hunger and thirst after the glories of the printed page":

"O writers of dull verse and duller prose, quit the well-worked field of fiction, the arid waste of sonnets and sad poems, and chronicle in little leather-covered books the incidents which tell their wondrous tale of resistless and inevitable change. Write of electric motors, of bicycles, of peace societies, of hospitals for pussy-cats, of women's clubs and colleges, of the price of food and house rent, of hotel bills, of new fashions in dress and furniture, of gay dinners, of extension lectures, of municipal corruption and reform. . . . These things do not interest us profoundly now, being part of our daily surroundings; but the generations that are to come will read of them with mingled envy and derision—envy because we have *done so little*, derision because we think we have done so much" (p. 47).

This excellent advice would be well timed if there were the smallest chance that the writers thus exhorted would recognize themselves in Miss Repplier's category of "those who have nothing to say which anybody wants to listen to now."

"The Eternal Feminine" is a carefully supported refutation of the popular fallacy that the "new woman" has innovated on her great-grandmother. We are not sure that the "new woman" will feel flattered by the implication that, like other paradoxes of this generation, she will become a platitude of the next, but Miss Repplier's evidence certainly goes to show that the misunderstood pioneers of female progress need only wait for two or three generations to become proverbs for domestic industry and true womanliness. Miss Repplier's English is terse and epigrammatic as usual, but she should remember that colloquialism is a dangerous instrument to play with. Imagine Andrew Lang's using such a phrase as "By the time I got that far back" (p. 186)! A loose construction of which Miss Repplier is too fond is illustrated by "So old we shall have mastered" (p. 185). In "Lady Somerset" (p. 131) we imagine that we meet Lady Henry Somerset in her customary American disguise.

The Italians of To-Day. From the French of René Bazin. Translated by William Marchant. Henry Holt & Co. 1897.

This book is not, as the title suggests, a complete study of contemporary Italians. It is just a group of sketches and notes of travel by an exceptionally clever observer; yet in its own class it is quite an ideal book for cultivated readers whose tastes are not particularly specialized. It contains four short articles, various in character and treatment, on North Italy, Rome and the Campagna, Naples, and a "corner of Sicily"—this last mainly an account of an expedition to Ætna in eruption.

Mr. Bazin writes in an easy, simple, off-hand style, with a Parisian's true sense of measure, and never fails to be interesting. There is not a dull page in the whole book. With perfect tact the author passes from description to dialogue, from dialogue to statistics, from statistics to personal observation and acute comment, never dwelling on any point so long as to weary the reader, yet never giving the impression of frivolity. Kindly sympathy, rare freedom from prejudice, good judgment in the choice of subjects, are joined to a catholic interest in everything worthy of an educated curiosity. In the north of Italy he discusses literature and politics; in Rome he inquires into the history of the recent financial disasters and the ancient problem of the Roman Campagna; Naples suggests to him the appropriate subjects of pauperism and the "jettatura," while the south of Italy brings up the difficult question of underpaid labor and consequent emigration. His fairness and readiness to hear both sides of every question, and his patience in unearthing valuable information, are everywhere conspicuous, while his powers of observation, and his delicacy in speaking of those Italians from whom or about whom he learned so much, are worthy of all praise.

His own comments and reflections would lose too much by being quoted apart from the mass of facts upon which they are based; but their judiciousness may be judged of by the following on Italy's army and navy expenditures. "An armed Italy," says the author, "an Italy which exhausts itself in armaments, is far from being of no account; but an Italy frugal and careful would be a formidable Power." We must allow ourselves also to give one specimen of Mr. Bazin's humor. One of the great landowners of the Roman Campagna has been talking to him at a fashionable club, after a drive in that dangerous region, and assuring him that there has been great exaggeration as to the malaria. The author continues: "He stopped just here, without considering the connection of ideas. 'Garçon,' he cried, 'a glass of vermouth and some quinine! and, waiter! a good deal of quinine!'"

Mr. Bazin is not always impeccably accurate. When, for example, he tells us (p. 61) that "open any secular journal, the least religious possible, and you will see in the almanac [read 'calendar'] of the day, 'Ave Maria, Morning 5h. 15, Ave Maria, Evening, 5h. 22,'" he is falsely generalizing for all Italy from what he saw in one district, and that, too, in ignorance of the fact that what he quotes as an evidence of religiousness is merely an indirect way of announcing the hours of sunrise and sunset somewhere about the middle of March. More curious than such slips as this is the great multitude of blunders in the relatively little Italian quoted or used. This might well give a reader pause, were it not that French is so universally spoken in Italy as to make it possible for a traveller to know the country fair-

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ly well without being proficient in Italian. Here is a list, with corrections in brackets, for the use of readers who may not be Italian scholars. P. 11, *mama* (*mamma*); p. 18, *spirito* (the verse requires *spirto*); p. 20, Teatro *dal* (*del*) Verme; p. 36, Palazzo *della Consiglia* (*del Consiglio*, but the proper name of that palace in Vicenza is "la Basilica Palladiana"); p. 47, *junta di vigilenza* (*giunta di vigilanza*); p. 53, *paese voldostani* (*poesie Valdostane*); p. 117, *vicotta* (*ricotta*); p. 133, *bonefica* (*bonifica*); p. 183, *passegiata* (*passeggiata*); pp. 185, 191, 194, *resanimento* (*risanamento*); p. 188, *brasero* (*braciere*); p. 189, *donne di male affari* (*mal'affari*); p. 197, *lustroscarpe* (*lustrascarpe*); p. 204, *innomabile* (*innominabile*); p. 215, *bracciani* (*braccianti*). On p. 172, in "Fa la spia, ma fala bene," the form *fala* may be dialectic for the Tuscan *falla;* but the translation, instead of "She plays the spy, but plays it well," should be, "Play the spy, but play it well"—which proverbial saying is one of several curious phrase-names quoted as given by the herdsmen of the Campagna to the buffalo cows and their calves. On page 220, "tempo di Sicila (Sicilia), tempo femineo" means not "woman's weather," but "feminine weather," in allusion to the "mutabile semper femina." On p. 205 Matilda Serao is called Mathilda Serrao, though the name is properly given in other places.

The translator and the printers must share the responsibility for *Solférino* (*Solferino*), p. 20, 66; *Rudini* (*Rudinì*), p. 26; *Messenian* (for a native of Messina), p. 72; *consomme* (*consommé*), *Catana* (*Catania*), p. 228; *Fortune* (for the proper name *Fortuné*), and a few other obvious misprints. The translation is in the main remarkably good, though we have met with a few lapses. Thus, on p. 33, 4,350,000 tons of *charcoal* should, of course, be *pit-coal;* and p. 183, where the vines are said to "run over the ground on green and red arches," we should read "in" (French "*en*") for "on"; the vines themselves making the arches with their leaves and fruit. On p. 187 "a slice of *infected* air" should be merely "evil-smelling" or "malodorous" air—that being the ordinary meaning of the French word *infect*. Mr. Marchant misuses the rare and technical word "quiritarian" in the sense of "belonging to the Quirites," and falls into the common error of making Italians use "Signor" (not followed by a proper name) instead of "Signore," which alone is correct as a form of address. The book has a sufficient index and will well repay a perusal.

The Scholar and the State, and Other Orations and Addresses. By Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York. The Century Co. 1897.

Bishop Potter modestly tells us that the publication of this volume was not due to any suggestion of his; but he need not feel that such a suggestion would have been presumptuous. The papers have all a strong, clear tone that will be everywhere welcome and helpful. They are addressed in some cases to the clergy, but in the main they appeal to all conscientious citizens, and their burden is the increasing importance of our public duties. Such appeals are easily made in general terms, in which case they are equally inoffensive and ineffective. To frame them so that particular acts shall be advised without arousing party spirit, is a difficult task; but Bishop Potter knows how to be outspoken without being arrogant, and how to be earnest and tactful at the same time.

"There are two dangers to which religious teachers, or those holding ecclesiastical office, are liable," Bishop Potter observes in his preface. One is a danger of omission, the other of commission. Some of the clergy abstain from all active intervention in the secular life of the community; others obtrude themselves in such a way as to seem to forget that, "in its highest aspect, the Kingdom of their Master is not of this world." Educated men in general are prone to sin in the former way, and perhaps the second error is often a sign of a lack of culture. But there is a middle course, well described by Bishop Potter in the paper entitled "The Scholar and the State," which is not so impracticable, perhaps, as our educated class is inclined to suppose. We may call it the elevation of public opinion by constant appeals to lofty motives. Men are so constituted as to approve virtues that they cannot bring themselves to practise, and the power of the most successful unprincipled politicians may be undermined by the steady influence of purer standards. It is slow work to educate a whole people, but we have the work to do, and such exhortations as Bishop Potter's should cheer the faint-hearted.

Siam on the Meinam. By Maxwell Sommerville. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1897.

We judge from the preface of the above work that the writer intended it to be "a popular notice" for the use of travellers in Siam. With obvious lack of sympathy for this idea, the publishers have given us a volume with such heavy paper and binding that it is a weariness to the hands, and would increase the charge for overweight in a trunk, but it would look well as a "gift book" on the parlor table, where its pretty yellow covers would not show the dust. Those who read it through will find that they can do so in a few hours. The larger half of the book consists of a hasty description of what the author saw in Bangkok and farther up the river; there are nine pages on the hotel, a page and a half on the museum, and so on; then follows a chapter on Buddhism, and then three stories "as an original means of illustrating phases in Siamese life and customs combined with the history of the Meinam and of the people of the northern province." The first and only important one of these, where the scene is laid in the seventeenth century, is illustrated by photographs (!) of the principal characters. The other two together do not fill ten largely printed pages or illustrate anything at all.

As for the style, though occasionally vivid, it is stilted and irritating, besides being confused and at times ungrammatical. We should not have expected, at the present day, a professor in a well-known Northern university to speak of a theatre as "a temple, where, through Thespian sources, men are trying to obtain all the enjoyment possible." Is it to show that he knows the French words for library and umbrella that Prof. Sommerville inserts them in a work on Siam? If his largest dictionary gives him authority for "consentaneity," "inquietude," "he was desolate," and "her potential parents," is that why he puts them in his "popular notice"? Finally, we must protest against the taste which inserts in such a book two photographs of a "dead body being eaten by vultures"; the second, particularly, is disgusting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Sarah L., and Gilbert C. B. Stepping-Stones to Literature. A First Reader. A Second Reader. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.
Barr, Mrs. Amelia E. The King's Highway. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Blackmore, R. D. Dariel. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.
Blanchan, Neltje. Bird Neighbors. Fifty Colored Plates. Doubleday & McClure Co. $2.
Brewer, D. J. The Pew to the Pulpit. F. H. Revell Co. 25c.
Bromby, C. H. Dante's A Question of the Water and of the Land. London: David Nutt.
Buckley, Rev. J. M. A History of Methodism in the United States. 2 vols. Harpers. $5.
Bury, R. G. The Philetus of Plato. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.25.
Chambers, R. W. Lorraine: A Romance. Harpers. $1.25.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. The Vice of Fools. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Charleton, R. J. Netherdyke: A Tale of the "Forty-Five." Edward Arnold. $1.50.
Clough, Blanche A. A Memoir of Anne Jemima Clough. Edward Arnold. $3.50.
Cowley, A. E., and Neubauer, Ad. Ecclesiasticus, XXXIX. 15, to XLIX. 11. Translated from the Original Hebrew. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Crawford, F. M. Corleone. 2 vols. Macmillan. $2.
Davenport, W. E. Poetical Sermons, including the Ballad of Plymouth Church. Putnams. $1.50.
Edgren, Prof. H. Hjalmar. A Brief Italian Grammar. W. R. Jenkins. 90c.
Gardiner, S. R. History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660. Vol. II. 1651-1654. Longmans, Green & Co. $7.
Howard, Blanche W. Seven on the Highway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Hunt, Violet. Unkist, Unkind! Harpers. $1.25.
Huntington, Archer M. Poem of the Cid. Text Reprinted from the Madrid MS. Vol. I. Putnams. $25.
Huntington, Faye. His First Charge. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.
Hurll, Estelle M. The Madonna in Art. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Julleville, Prof. L. P. de. Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française. Tome IV. Dix-septième Siècle. Première Partie. (1601-1660.) Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Legouis, Prof. Emile. The Early Life of William Wordsworth. 1770-1798. Scribners. $3.
Let Us Follow Him, and Other Stories. By the Author of 'Quo Vadis.' R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Mann, Mary E. The Cedar Star. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Marchesi, Mathilde. Marchesi and Music: Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing-Teacher. Harpers. $2.50.
Mason, A. E. W. Lawrence Clavering. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Mayer, Hy. The Autobiography of a Monkey. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
McCarthy, Justin H. The French Revolution. Vol. II. Harpers. $1.50.
Moorman, F. W. Fletcher's The Faithful Shepherdess. [Temple Dramatists.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 45c.
Murray, J. A. H. A New English Dictionary. Foisty—Frankish. (Vol. IV.) Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Ogilvie, J. N. The Presbyterian Churches. F. H. Revell Co. 40c.
Perce, W. R. Genesis and Modern Science. James Pott & Co. $1.50.
Perry, Prof. Bliss. "Little Masterpieces" of Hawthorne and Irving. Doubleday & McClure Co. Each 30c.
Peters, Rev. J. P. Nippur: or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. Vol. II. Putnams. $2.50.
Seitz, J. A. The Colloquy: Conversations about the Order of Things and Final Good. Putnams. $1.75.
Stearns, F. P. Modern English Prose Writers. Putnams. $1.50.
Stokoe, Rev. T. H. Old Testament History for Schools. Part III. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Tomlinson, E. T. Guarding the Border. [War of 1812 series.] Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Train, Elizabeth P. A Queen of Hearts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Trask, Mrs. Katrina. John Leighton, jr. Harpers. $1.25.
Tyner, Paul. Through the Invisible: A Love Story. Continental Publishing Co. 75c.
Upton, Florence K. Little Hearts. George Routledge & Sons.
Waller, Prof. A. D. Animal Electricity. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Wells, H. G. The Invisible Man: A Grotesque Romance. Edward Arnold. 75c.
White, Prof. Greenough. Memoir of the Right Reverend Nicholas Hammer Cobbs, Bishop of Alabama. James Pott & Co. $1.
Whitehouse, H. R. The Sacrifice of a Throne: An Account of Amadeus of Spain. Bonnell, Silver & Co. $1.50.
Wilkins, Mary E. Once Upon a Time, and Other Child-Verses. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.
Wilkinson, W. C. The Epic of Paul. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.
Willson, Beckles. The Tenth Island: Being Some Account of Newfoundland. London: Grant Richards.
Winworth, Freda. The Epic of Sounds. An Elementary Interpretation of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Woodward, G. A. Verse Vagaries. Buffalo: Chamberlin Press.
Wundt, Prof. Wilhelm. The Facts of the Moral Life. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.

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